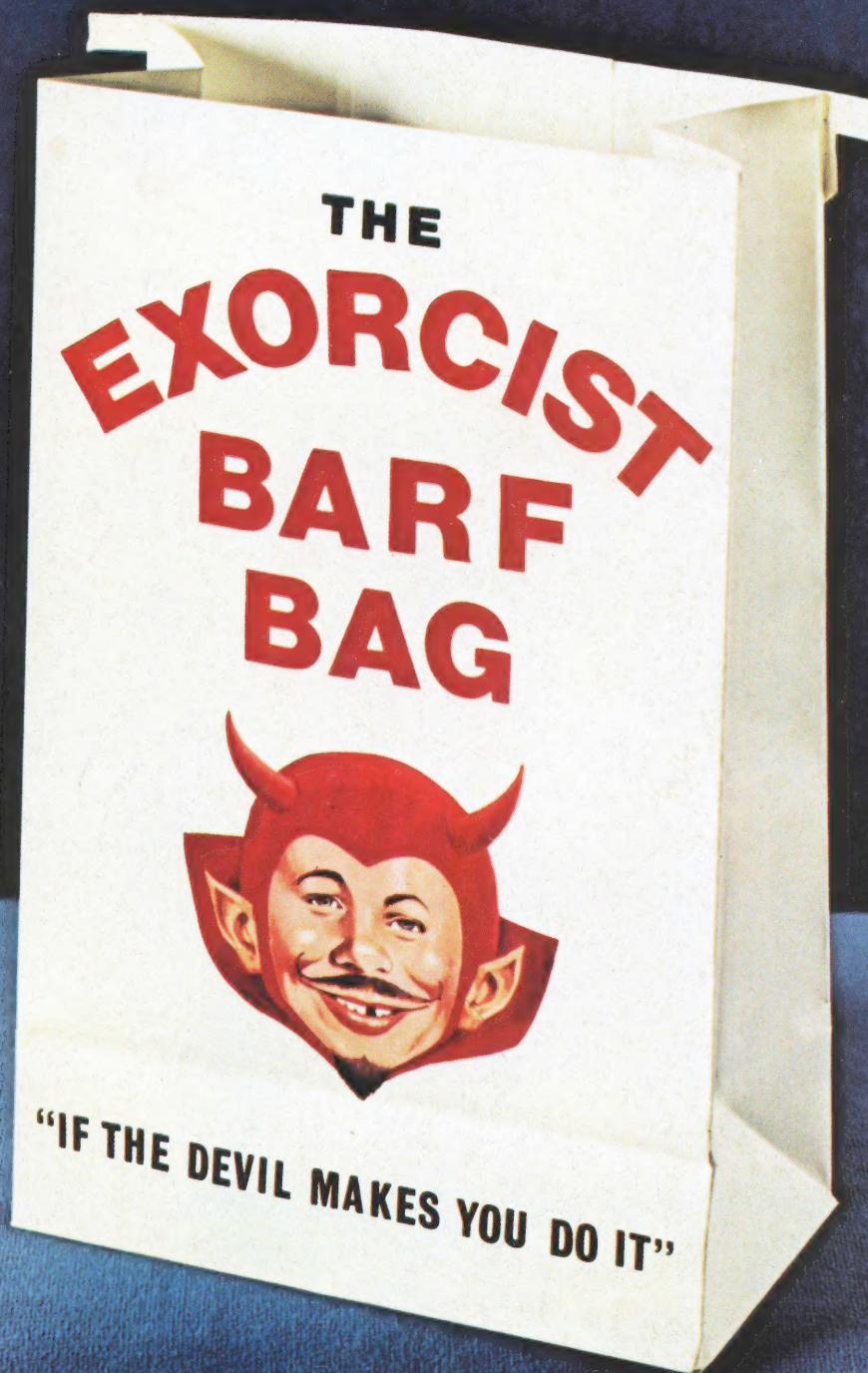


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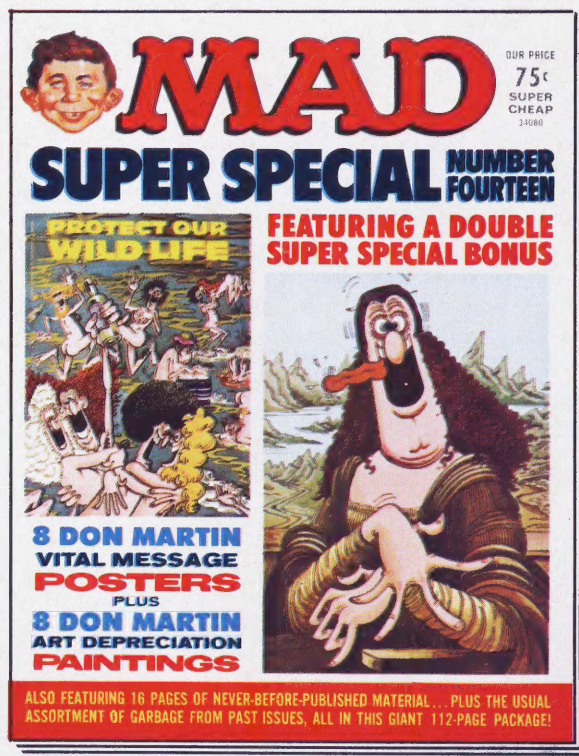
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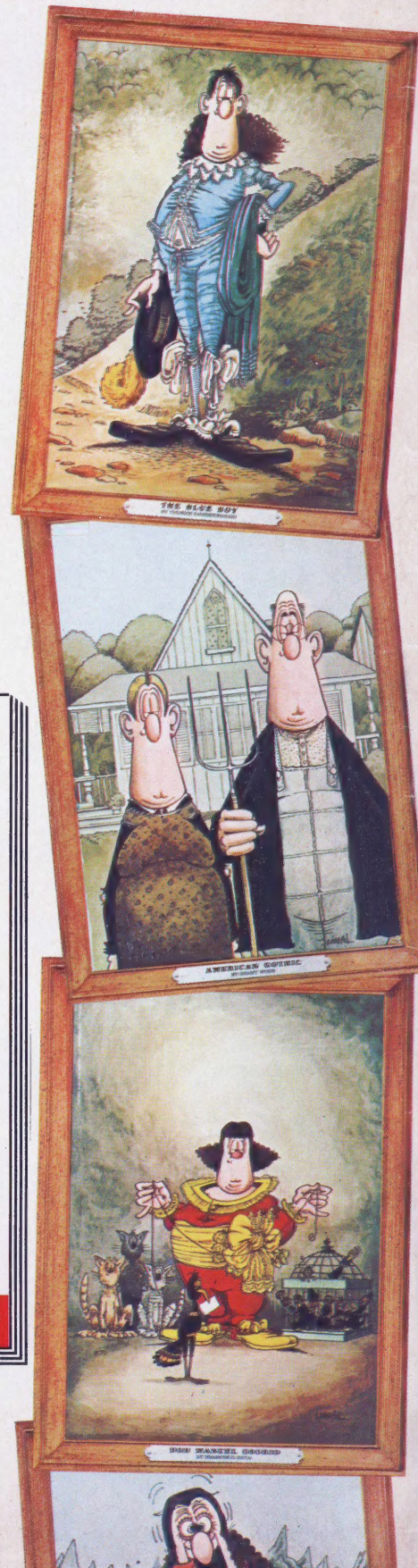
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DAVID FRAZIER subscriptions

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the usual gang of idiots

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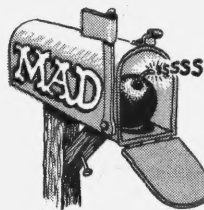
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LETTERS DEPT.



THE WAY WE BORE

"The Way We Bore" was one of your
best movie satires. Larry Siegel and Mort
Drucker certainly couldn't be boring!

Jonathan Listig
Lakewood, N.J.

"The Way We Bore" is right! You *and*
the movie bored me to sleep. But Mort
Drucker's art work was fantastic!

Mike Sherard
Orlando, Fla.

I was sickened at the way you skewed
the whole movie into a "teenie bopper"
story! That was a beautiful movie and it's
a shame that you had to tear it to shreds.

Becky Robinson
Glastonbury, Conn.

I made the Guinness World Record
Book for non-stop yawning. Keep up the
good work, Larry and Mort.

Louis Barbarite
Mastic Beach, N.Y.

Barbara Strident should have been yell-
ing something altogether different from
"Ban the bomb!" It should have been,
"Boycott MAD! Boycott MAD!"

Marc Covert
Portland, Oregon

MAD GUIDE TO RECYCLING GARBAGE

Al Jaffee's "A MAD Guide To Recy-
cling Garbage" was great. I'm now trying
to find a way to recycle my collection of
MAD magazines.

Bo Barhite
Moultrie, Ga.

I loved Al Jaffee's recycling old clothes
and ties into winter clothes for pets. I'd
like to see his designs for a lounging robe
for my six ounce parakeet.

Joanne D'Alcomo
Boston, Mass.

The expressions on the characters are
just too much. This is easily Al Jaffee's
best effort!

Charles Gloman
Hazleton, Pa.

Surprisingly, most of the ideas could be
used in real life. You know what I mean,
besides just kidding around.

Mike Miller
Montreal, Canada

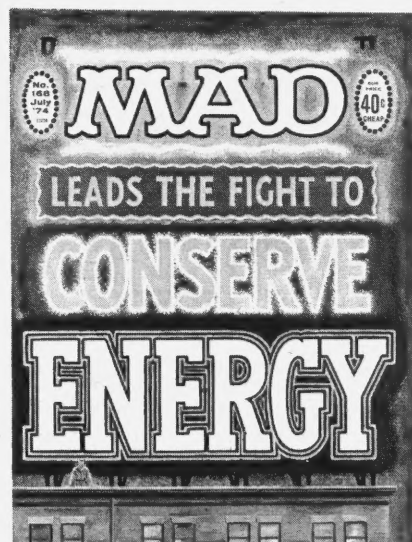
What happened? Many of Jaffee's re-
cycled items actually made sense!

David Kaspar
Bakersfield, Calif.

MAD CONSERVE ENERGY COVER

Your "MAD Leads The Fight To Con-
serve Energy" cover was a bright idea!

Jay Armstrong
Green Bay, Wis.



I took a dim view of your cover 'cause
I tried to read the issue by my Donald
Duck nightlight!

DeAnne Oakland
Ramapo, N.J.

PARENTAL NON-SEQUITURS

Just a note from a Mom who always
buys MAD for the kids and takes the Na-
tional Geographic to appease her guilt. A
Non-Sequitur at *our* house:

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:

"Mom, guess what! The new issue of
MAD is on the stands. Let's buy it."

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:

"Quick, find my car keys. We'll go right
down and get it now; a copy for you, and a
copy for me, so we won't have to wait
turns to read it."

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:

"You just reminded me, you didn't take
the trash out this morning. I'm not going
to add to it; there's enough trash here
already."

Mrs. Midge McWhister
Palm Springs, Calif.

Your "Parental Non-Sequiturs" seemed
almost relevant. I was pleased to see your
magazine using more sophisticated words
like "Non-Sequitur," which we used not
too long ago in my Latin II class. It ap-
pears to be the perfect phrase since it
means "illogical argument." In my opin-
ion, MAD is just one big Non-Sequitur.

Janet Lee Gross
Hawthorne, Calif.

Either Stan Hart and I have the same
mother or there are Xerox copies of her
floating around, all over the nation.

Shawna M. Martin
Delano, Calif.

A MAD LOOK AT MARRIAGE

My Mom and Dad said "A MAD Look At Marriage . . . Before And After" is so true. I can't tell. I didn't know them *before* they were married.

Kathy Quinn
Waretown, N.J.

LIGHTER SIDE OF THE ENERGY CRISIS

While reading Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of The Energy Crisis" I fell asleep with the light on.

Jack Degnan
Garden Grove, Calif.

BILLY JOCK

Your "Billy Jock" was the most overpowering thing since Watergate, especially when I took my shoes off and read it.

Mike Weidman
Corunna, Mich.

Having seen the movie, I thought Stan Hart and Angelo Torres did a very perceptive job.

Carol Smith
Orinda, Calif.

I thought the movie "Billy Jack" was superb, but Hart's satire murdered it beyond recognition. So don't expect any recognition for it!

Joe Boudreaux
Shreveport, La.

"Billy Jack" left me in tears. "Billy Jock" left me in tears . . . of laughter.

Barbara Kirkner
Novato, Calif.

As long as I live, I'll remember reading "Billy Jock." It all started on a Saturday morning . . . or was it a Tuesday afternoon . . . or maybe it was a Friday evening . . . anyway, I'll never forget it . . .

Ray Pence
Sinclair, Wyo.

A MAD MEDICAL REPORT

I think Frank Jacobs is an excellent writer and "A MAD Medical Report" was worthy of him. Although I live in Canada, I am aware of the degrading of your National Symbol, and Frank Jacobs expressed this superbly. Irving Schild's photo of the abused Uncle Sam accentuated the ailments.

Perry Hancock
Gander, Newfoundland
Canada

Frank Jacobs diagnosed Uncle Sam perfectly! Now if they could only find a cure . . .

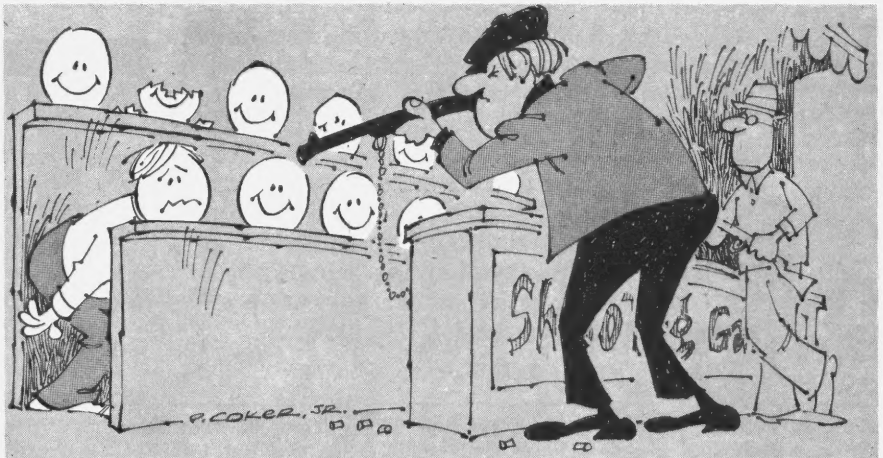
David Williams
Shawnee, Okla.

Why all the fuss? I hope I look that good when I'm 198!

James Randleman
Fair Oaks, Calif.

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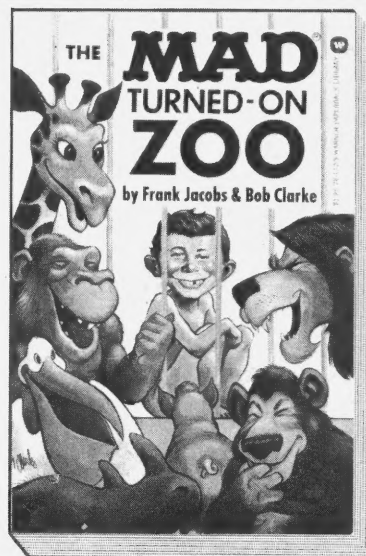
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PRICES LOWER!

Yep, the prices for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, (suitable for framing or lining bird cages) were lower last issue! Due to higher costs, we are forced to raise them this issue. (No fair rushing in an order based on last issue's prices —you already saw this ad!) Just resign yourself to having to now mail in 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



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Remember the good old days when Hollywood used to make horror movies about vampires, werewolves, zombies, seventy foot apes and other assorted monsters? Let's face it, they were all disgusting creatures, but there was still something kinda harmless and loveable about them. Well, those days are gone forever. Today's film makers have come up with something *really* disgusting. Yessiree, you screamed at "Frankenstein," you shrieked at "Dracula" and you shuddered at "King Kong," but take it from us . . . those guys were all a bunch of pussycats when compared to . . .

THE

Hello! I am **Father Merry** . . . a **Catholic Priest** in charge of this archaeological excavation project here in the Middle East . . . where we are searching for ancient religious artifacts!

Dig . . . my Arab children! Keep digging until we find something important!

We're digging! Stop bugging us!

Yeah, Father! No kidding! You're getting to be a pain in the neck!

Hear how they talk to me? But, I will not despair! You think it's tough for Priests to get **MOSLEMS** to obey them? You should see the problems we have with **CATHOLICS** nowadays!

What in heck are we looking for, anyway, Abdul!

The answer to the second greatest mystery of all time!

The **SECOND?**! What's the **NUMBER ONE** greatest mystery?

Why a picture about a horrible thing that happens to a little girl in Washington, D.C., spends the opening fifteen minutes on a dumb mountainside here in Iraq!

Father Merry! Come quick! I have dug up something **incredible!** It is magnificent . . . priceless! Men will **destroy** each other for its possession! Governments will topple . . .

HE WORKS US LIKE DOGS.

JOE

DIG WE MUST

POT HOLE

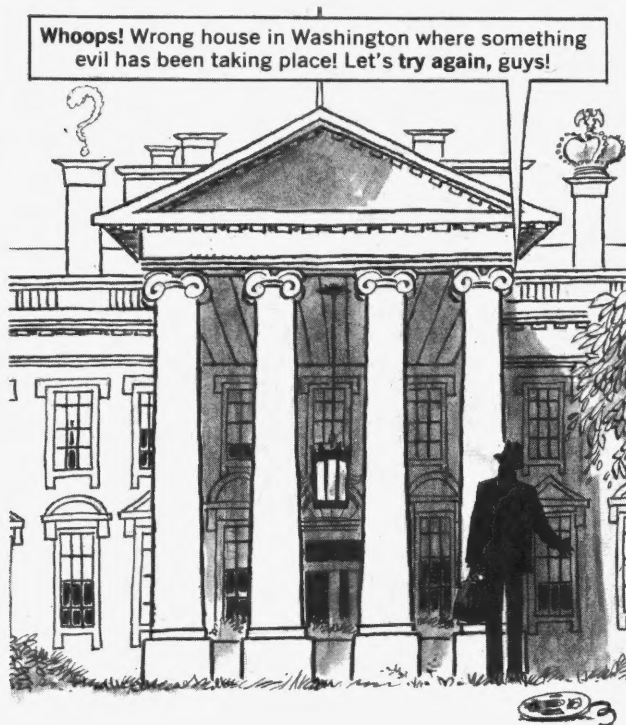
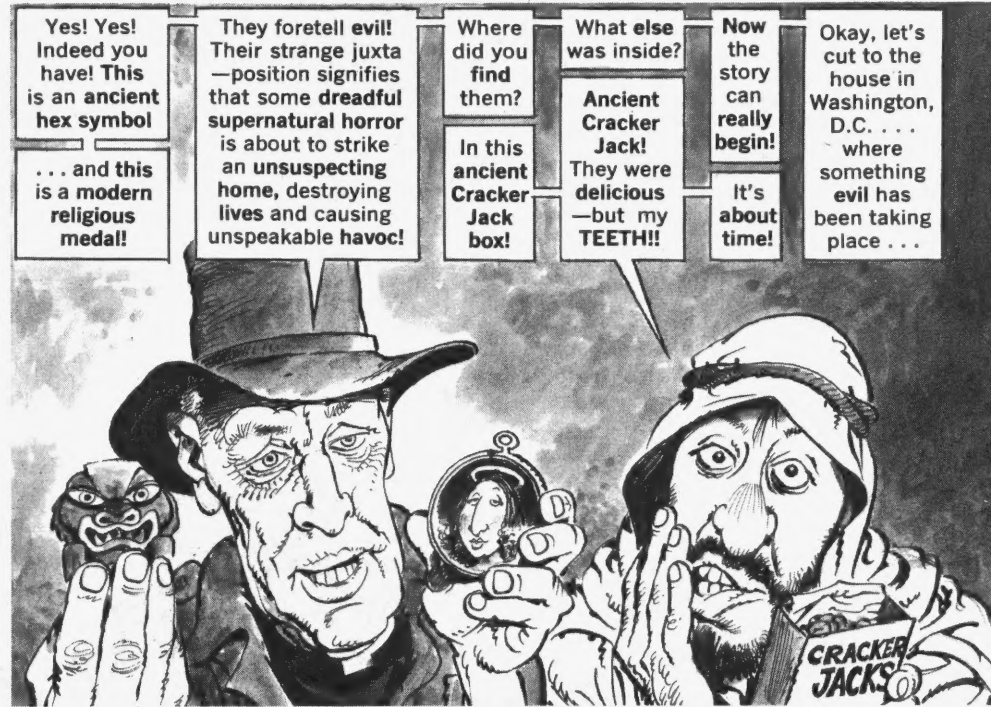
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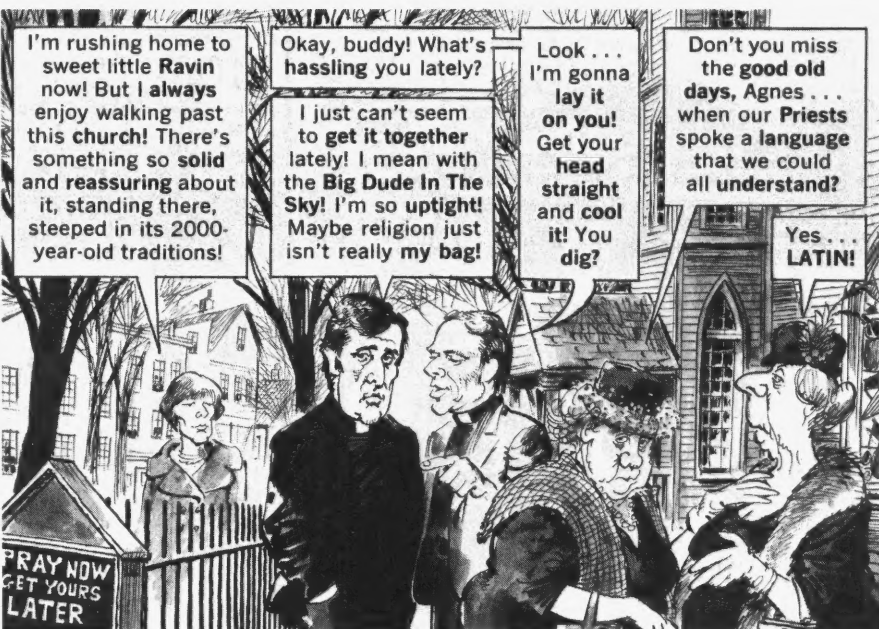
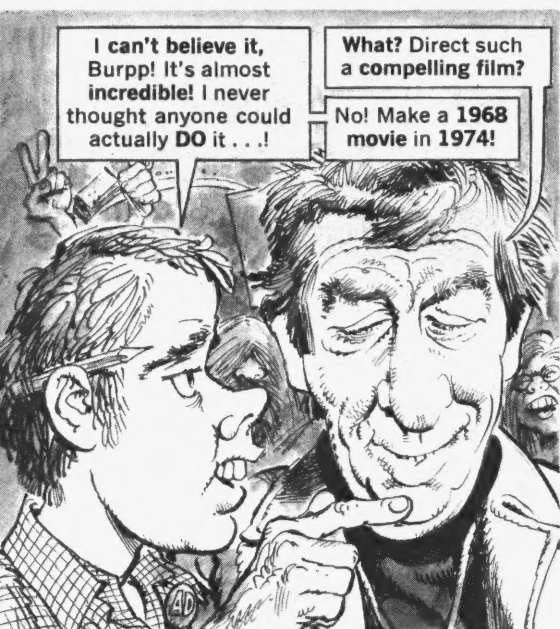
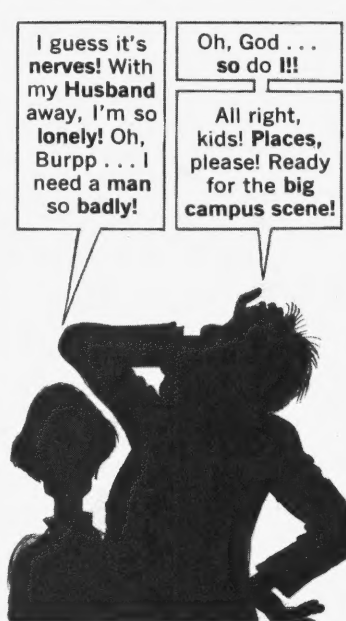
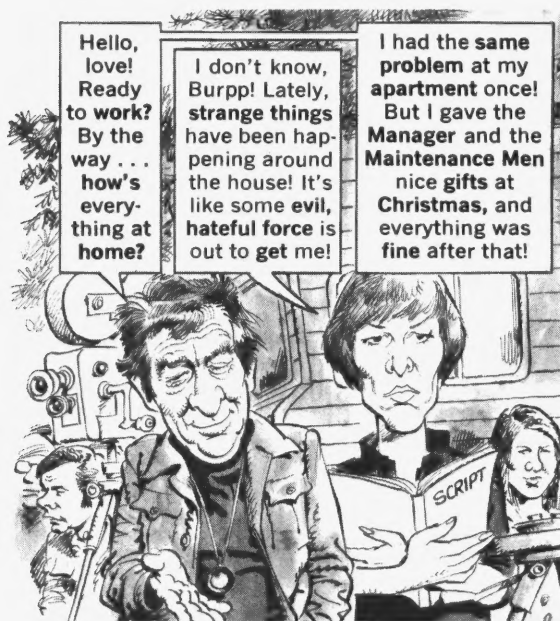


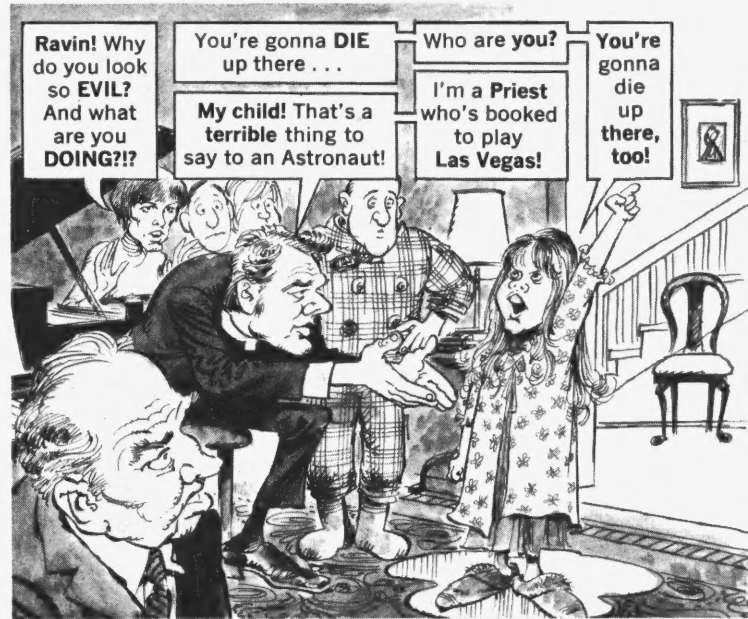
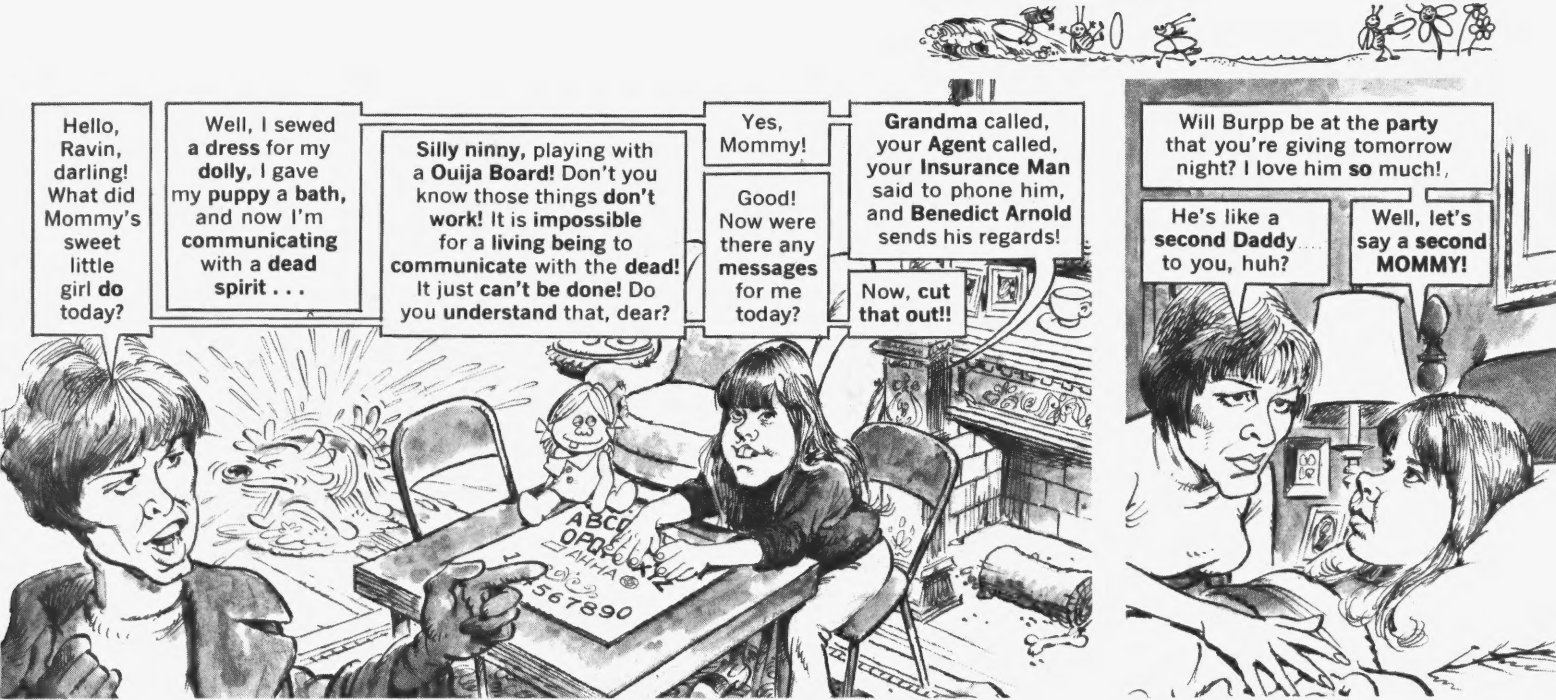
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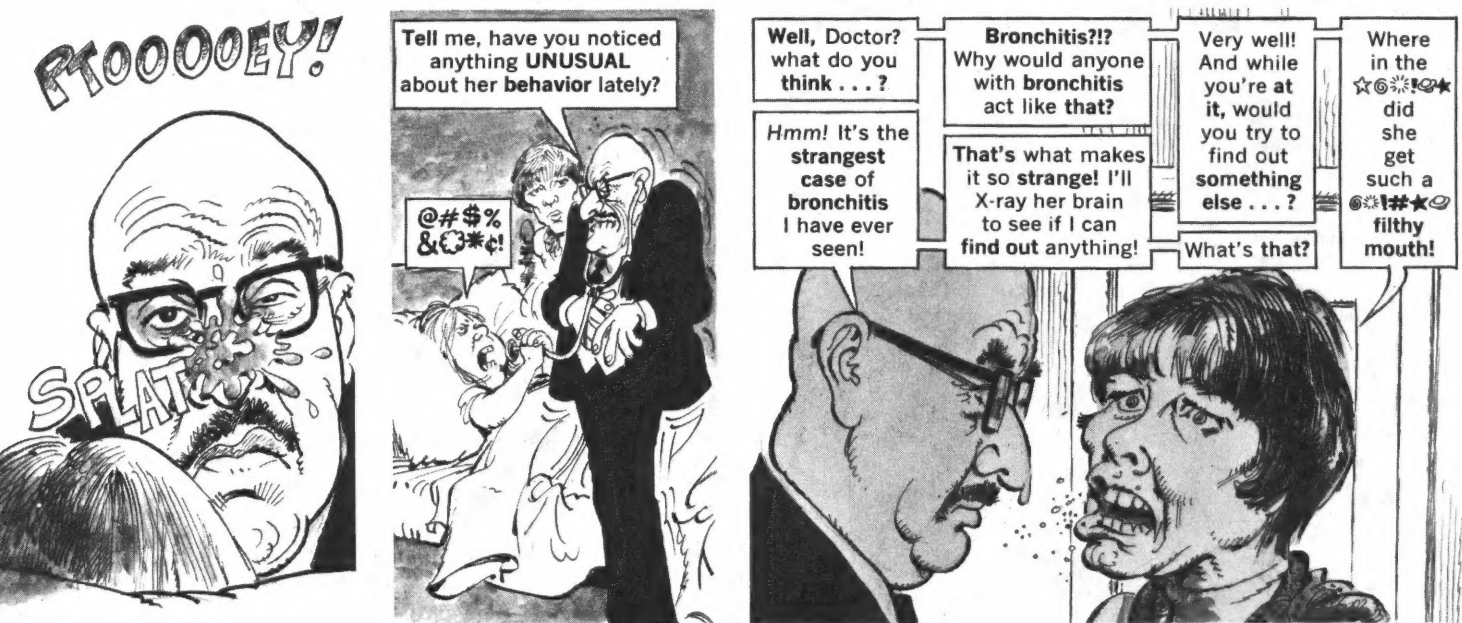
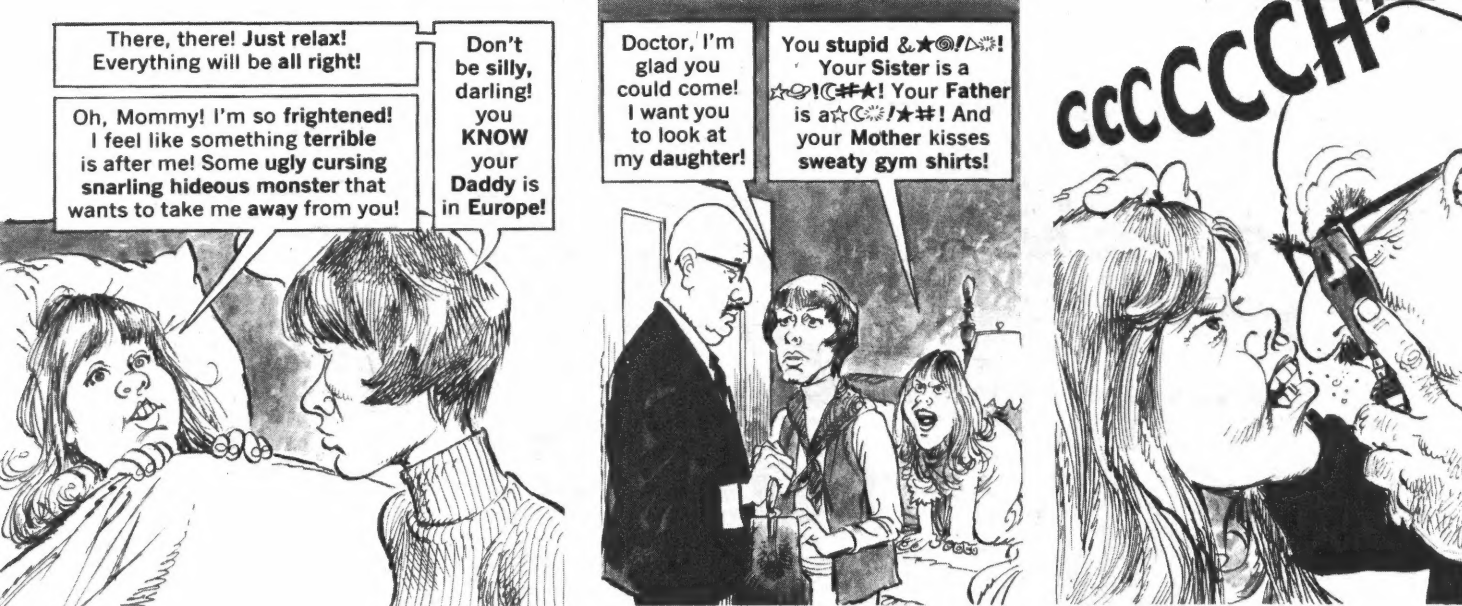
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL











Oh, Dr. Klown! Thank heavens you've come! I need a Psychiatrist so badly!

The way I see it, Mrs. McSqueal, your **Oedipus Complex** is the result of a **Father fixation** brought on by an early enema, and—

Wait, Doctor! You don't understand!

All right! How's this? You have a **pathological fear of sex** as a result of a **deep-rooted psychosis** arising from a **traumatic pre-natal hernia!**

No, Doctor! No!!

My, my! Aren't we **picky today!** All right, you have **dementia praecox**, and **THAT'S IT!** I'm a very busy man!

Doctor, it's not ME! It's my little girl!

Look at her, Doctor! Look at this room! The **bed** is shaking, and she's covered with **blood**, and she's violating a **cross**, and that **weird evil voice** is coming out of her mouth!

What am I going to do??

I assure you, Mrs. McSqueal, you have **nothing** to worry about!

I don't???

Nope! But your little girl—now **SHE's** got a problem!

Yiccchhh! Le'me out of here!!

What's going on, Saran? There's a **big crowd** outside!

Bad news, Mrs. McSqueal! **Burpp** was mincing around in **Ravin's room**, and now the **window's** smashed and he's lying **dead** in the **alley** outside the house!

Oh... no! Poor **Burpp!** If I told him **once**, I told him a **million times:** **Don't try to fly home** in a **FOG!**

Uh... I'm **Lt. Kindergarten!** Can you tell me where I can find a **Priest** named **Father Tsouris?**

:Yes! I'm **Father Tsouris!**

YOU??? Excuse me for being **personal**, Father, but what's a **Priest** doing running around a **track** on a **Sunday morning?**

Listen... the way **Church attendance** is nowadays, what **ELSE** is there to do! Did you ever try **SURFING** in this weather?

TRACK

Father, we just found a **Director** named **Burpp** **Denims** with his head turned **completely** around!

I met him once! It **HAS** to be an **improvement!**

No, you don't understand! He's **dead**... and we suspect an **evil force** is at work!

Oh, well, there's a **LOT** of that going around here in **Washington!**

Well, if you get any ideas about the **murder**, call me! Meanwhile—if you're not doing anything some evening, how would you like to go to a **movie** with me?

Love to! How about **Christmas Eve?**

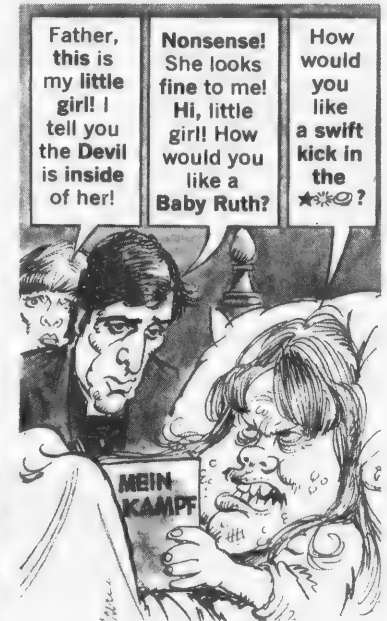
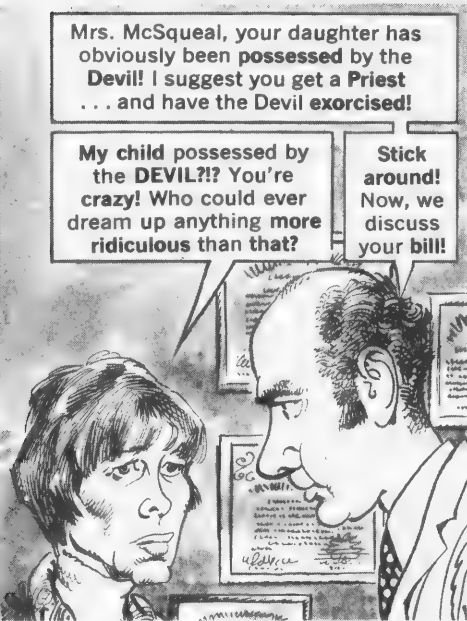
You're not doing anything on **Christmas Eve???**

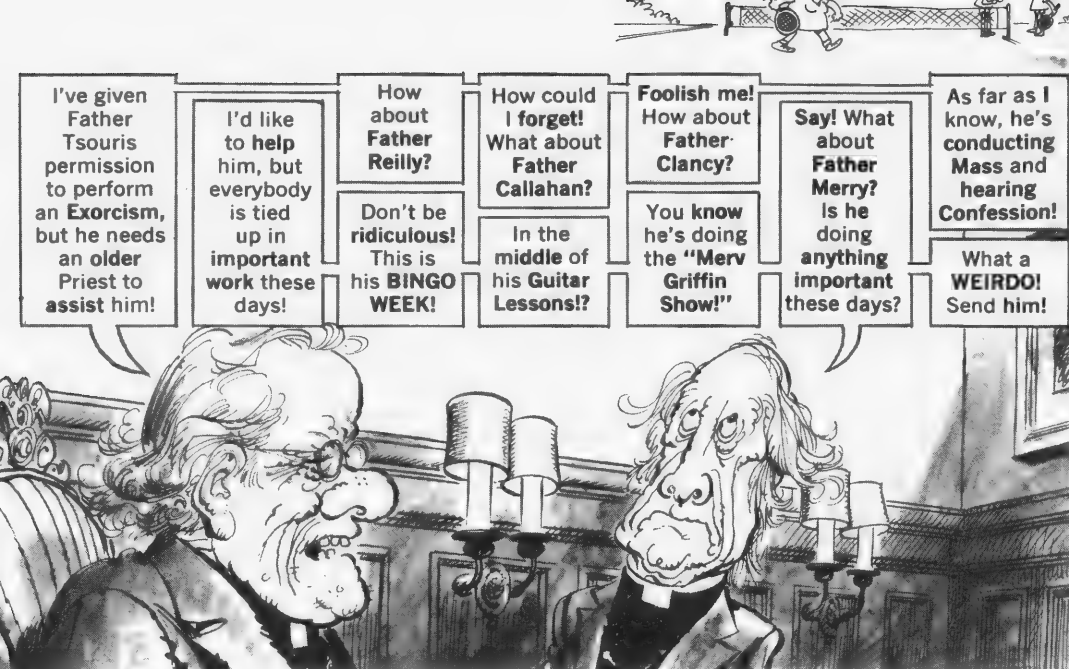
Oh! How **idiotic** of me! Why, I forgot all about the **Roller Derby!** Let's make it **Easter Sunday!**

It's **MY** room, so get your **☆!★!☆!** out of it!

Listen to that **language!** And look what she's doing to her **Mother!**

Isn't zat cute? Our little girl iss **growing up!** She's getting more like a **normal teenager** every day!





I've given Father Tsouris permission to perform an Exorcism, but he needs an older Priest to assist him!

I'd like to help him, but everybody is tied up in important work these days!

How about Father Reilly?
Don't be ridiculous! This is his BINGO WEEK!

How could I forget! What about Father Callahan?
In the middle of his Guitar Lessons!?

Foolish me! How about Father Clancy?
You know he's doing the "Merv Griffin Show!"

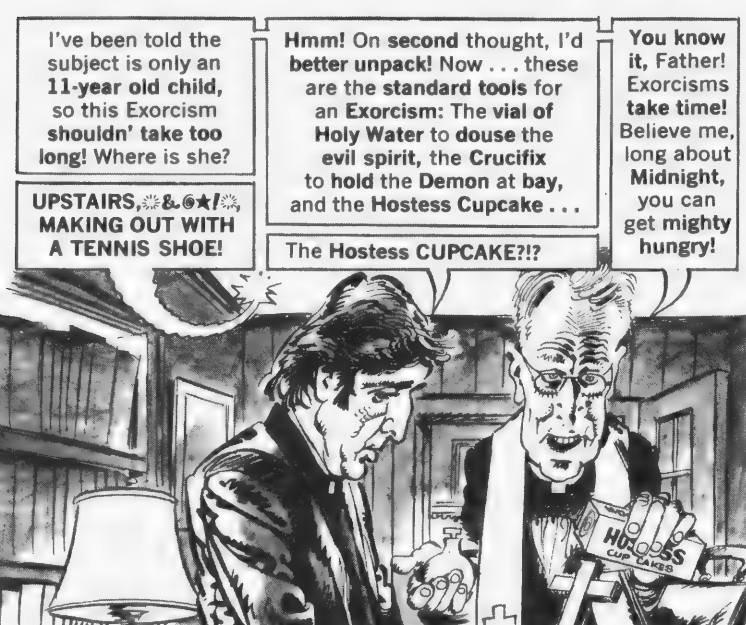
Say! What about Father Merry? Is he doing anything important these days?

As far as I know, he's conducting Mass and hearing Confession!
What a WEIRDO! Send him!



Who's out there? Are you the Exorcist?

No, I'm the Avon Lady—POSING as a Priest! Who do you think I am?



I've been told the subject is only an 11-year old child, so this Exorcism shouldn't take too long! Where is she?

UPSTAIRS, & @!/, MAKING OUT WITH A TENNIS SHOE!

Hmm! On second thought, I'd better unpack! Now... these are the standard tools for an Exorcism: The vial of Holy Water to douse the evil spirit, the Crucifix to hold the Demon at bay, and the Hostess Cupcake...

The Hostess CUPCAKE?!?

You know it, Father! Exorcisms take time! Believe me, long about Midnight, you can get mighty hungry!



Well, Satan! Are you prepared to feel the Wrath of God?

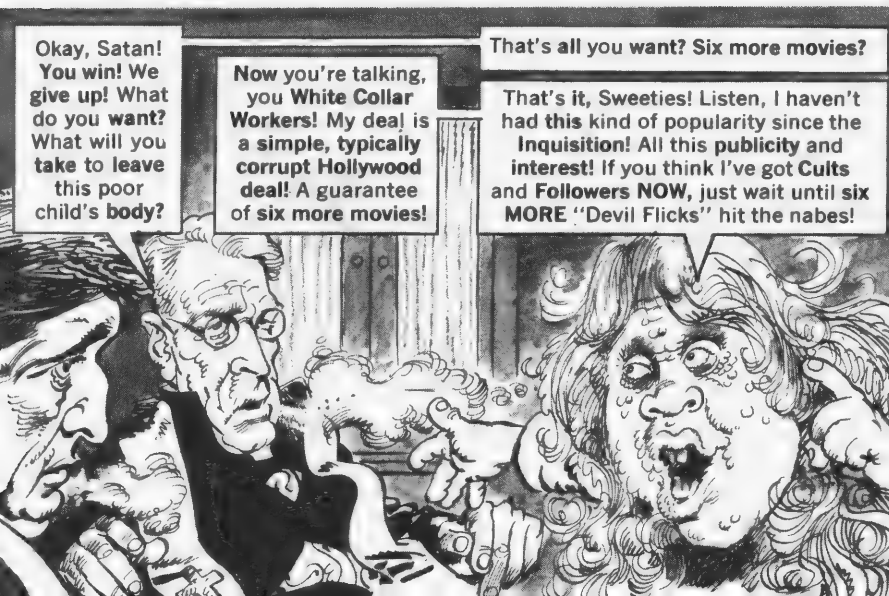
GET LOST, CRUD! YOUR CHURCH STINKS! YOUR BISHOPS TAKE PAYOLA! AND THE POPE READS PLAYBOY!

Hmmmm! We always uncover something new about the enemy at these rituals!

You just learned something new about the Devil, Father Merry? What is it?

Well, for one thing, I think he's Protestant!

TWENTY-SEVEN HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING MINUTES LATER...



Okay, Satan! You win! We give up! What do you want? What will you take to leave this poor child's body?

Now you're talking, you White Collar Workers! My deal is a simple, typically corrupt Hollywood deal! A guarantee of six more movies!

That's all you want? Six more movies?

That's it, Sweeties! Listen, I haven't had this kind of popularity since the Inquisition! All this publicity and interest! If you think I've got Cults and Followers NOW, just wait until six MORE "Devil Flicks" hit the nabes!



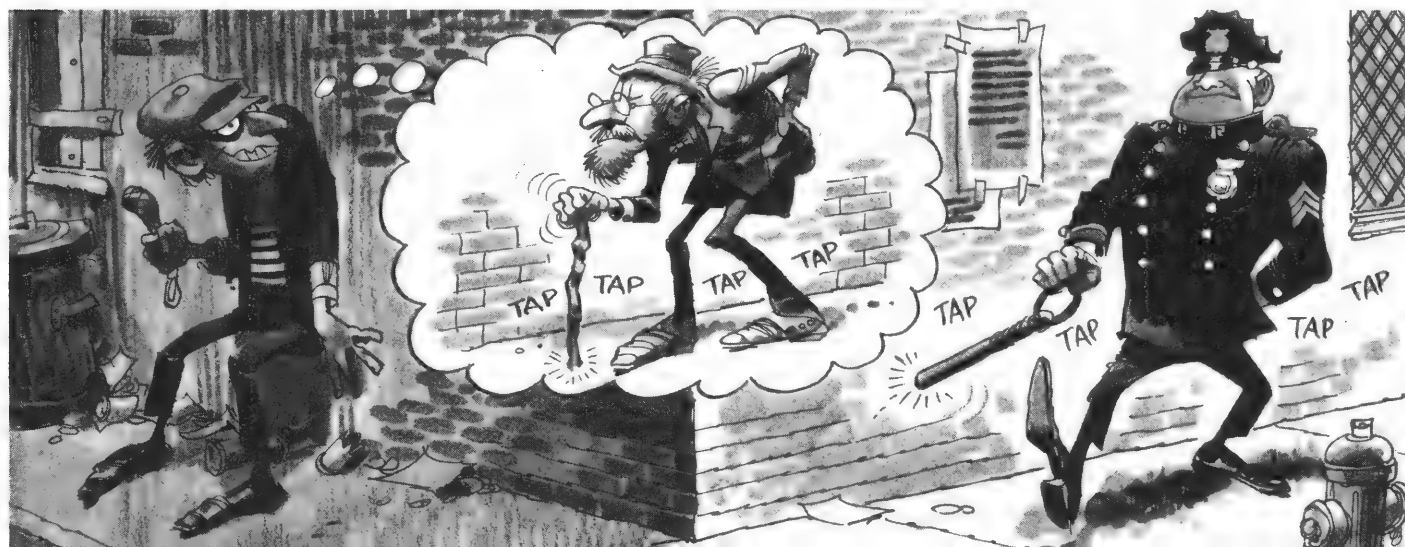
Well, he's gone! And Ravin is FREE! But, how could you make that deal? How could you promise him six more movies?

That was easy! Have you seen the lines of people, waiting to see this movie? Have you seen the grosses it's piling up? What ELSE does Hollywood need to start a trend! SIX more "Devil Flicks"? Why, I'd guarantee SIXTY... SEVENTY!

Oh, well... that's "SHOW BIZ"!!

WISHFUL

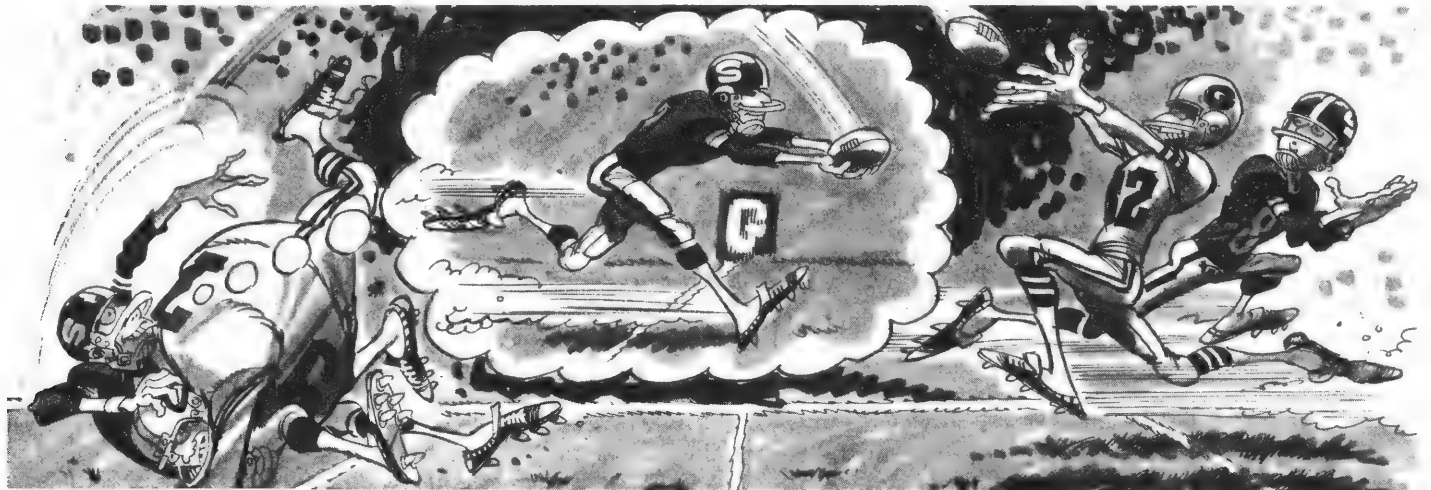
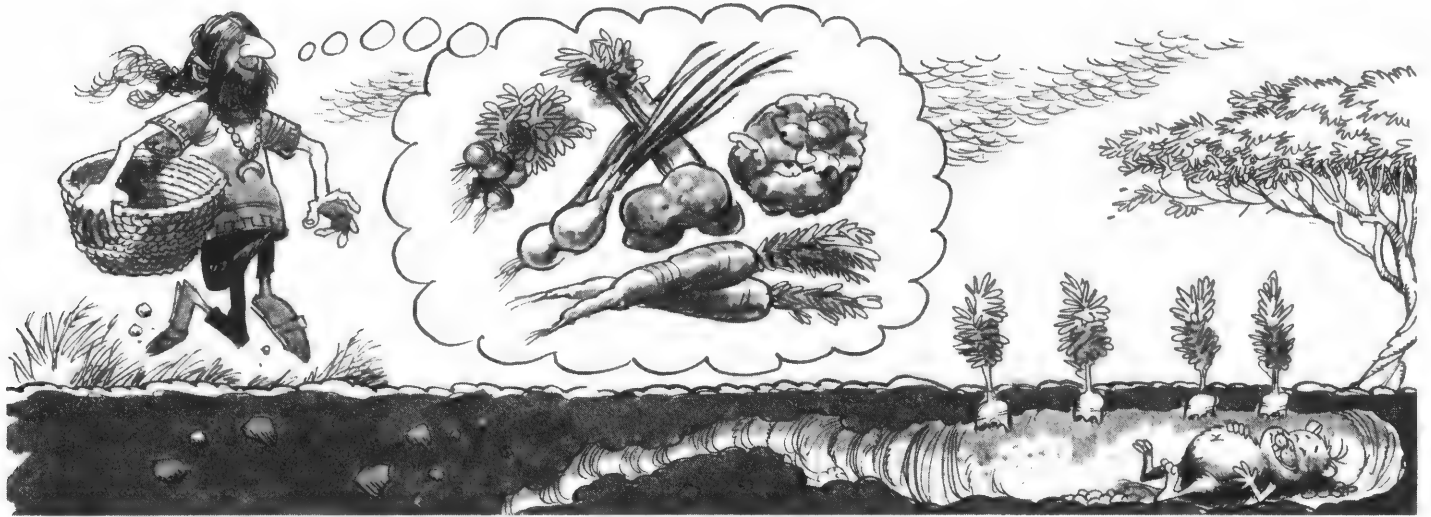
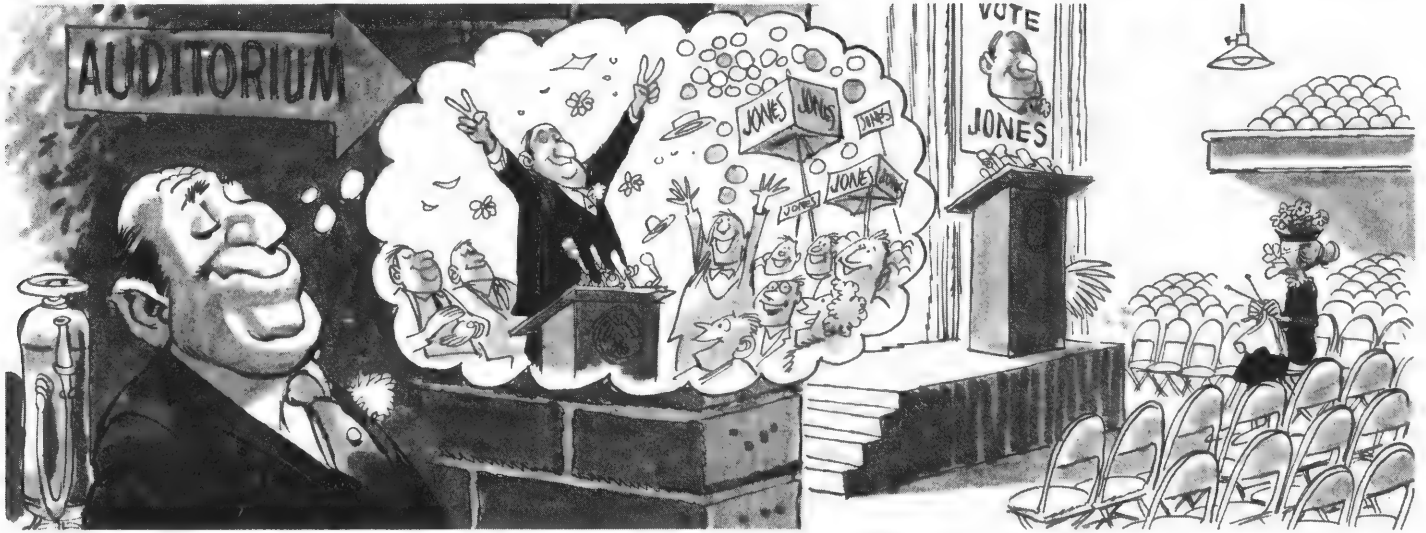
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

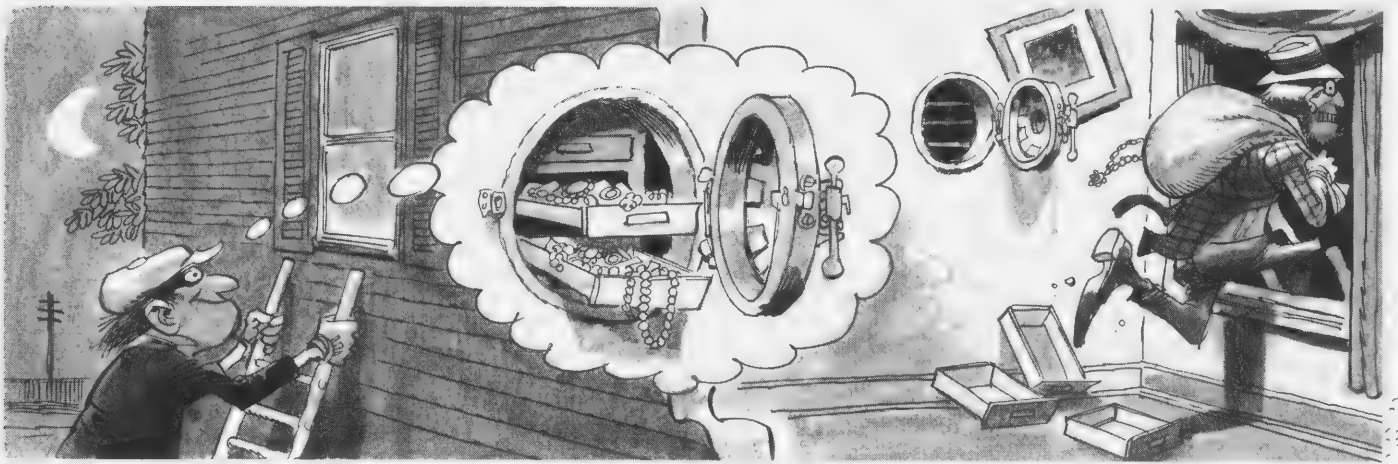
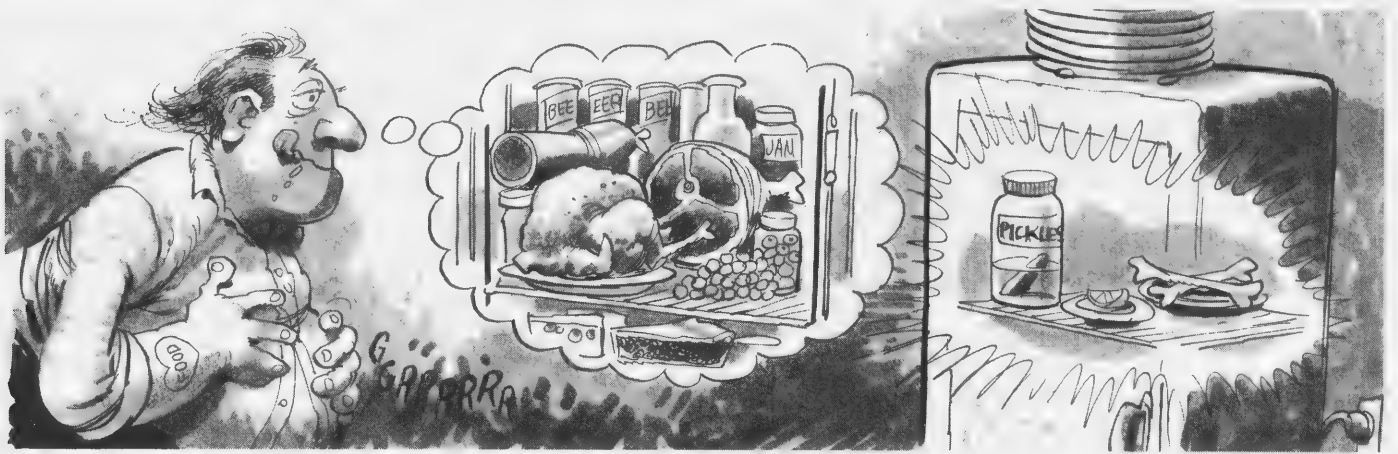
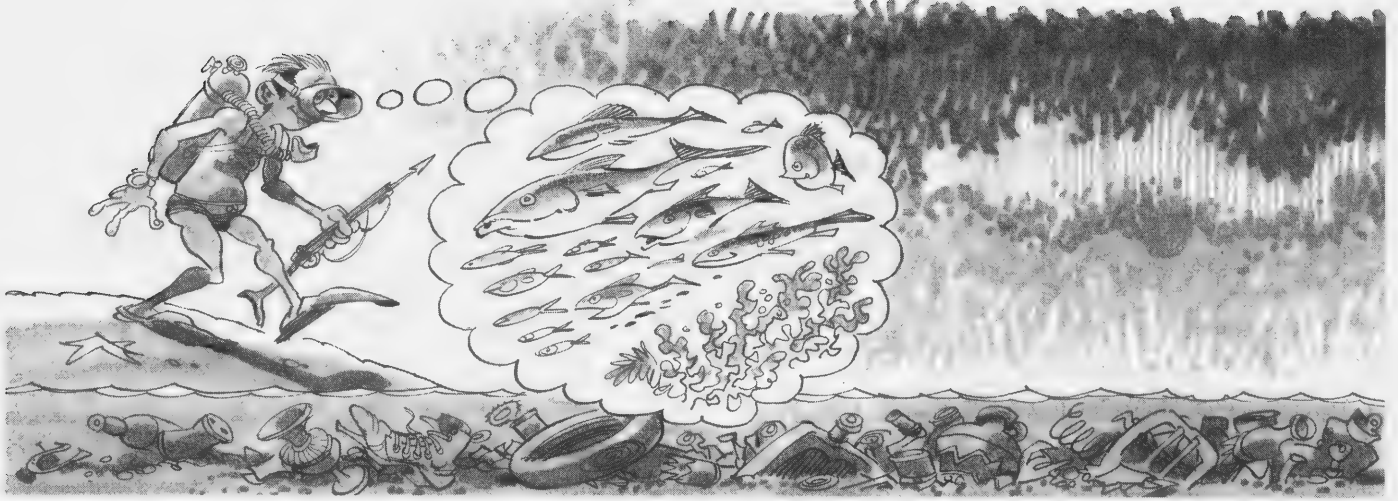




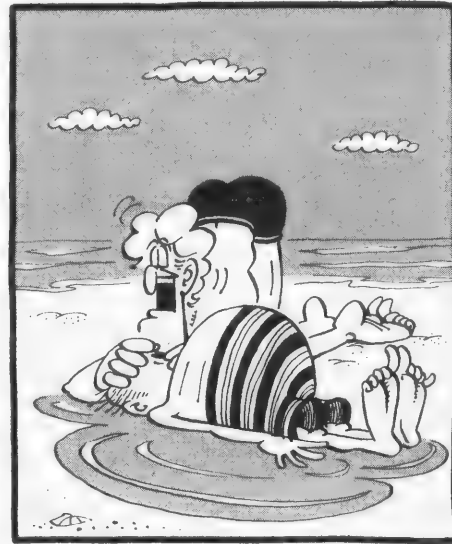
THINKING

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES





ONE SUNDAY MORNING ON THE BEACH





THE MEET RACK DEPT.

Hi! I'm Mark Spritz! I'm famous for being a **Gold Medal Winner**! Unfortunately, I'm also a **Silver coin LOSER**! Mainly, I lost a toss with **MAD's Editor**...and now I'm stuck doing one of these idiotic interviews. So here I am with my special guest, Mr. Randolph Ripoff, who's been chosen

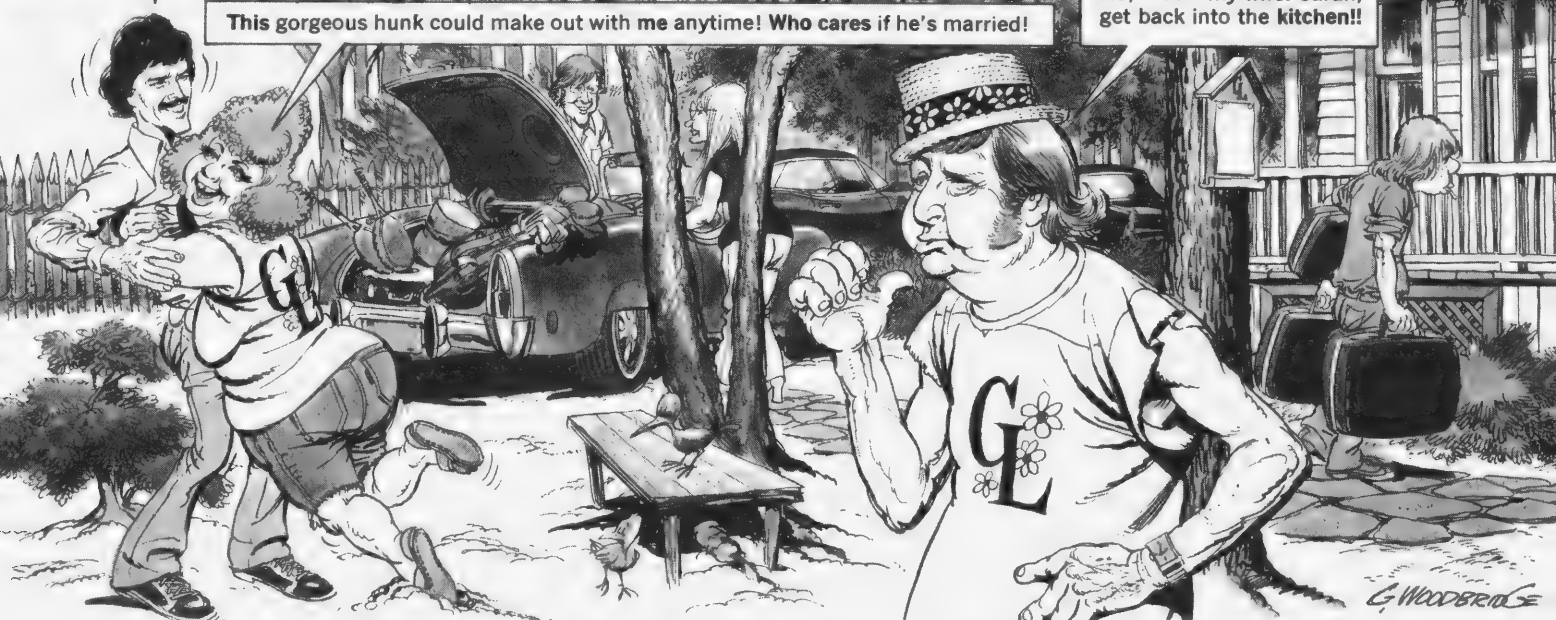
MAD'S "SINGLES ONLY" RESORT OWNER OF THE YEAR

Mark, baby...welcome to "The Groovy Life"...the only X-Rated Singles Resort in the mountains! Too bad you're married! Man, you could really score here!

Is this one of your guests?

This gorgeous hunk could make out with me anytime! Who cares if he's married!

No, that's my wife! Sarah, get back into the kitchen!!



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Tell the truth, Mr. Ripoff... isn't this nothing but a "Make-Out Joint"?

Of course not! "The Groovy Life" is dedicated to the liberated, aware Single! Here, he or she can meet other mature human beings, and together they can explore the possibilities of inner development and self-realization in a free, relaxed atmosphere!

Oh? And what does that mean?

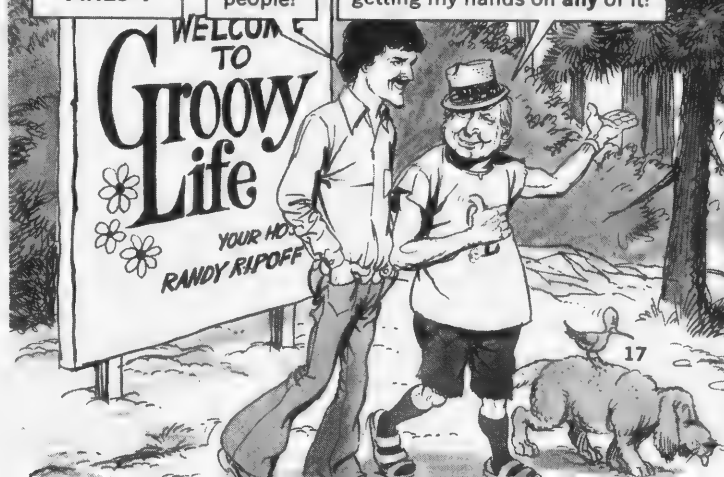
It means if a Swinger plays his cards right, he can't miss!!

Didn't you used to call this place, "RIPOFF'S RUSTIC BUNGALOW COLONY IN THE PINES"?

Yep! We catered to a Family Trade! I was barely making a living! Then I read that there were 48 million unmarried people in the country! Think of it! 48 million lonely, unloved people! It made me cry!

You felt sorry for all those people?

No... I felt sorry for ME! All those clods with all that bread to spend, and I wasn't getting my hands on any of it!



What great personal sacrifice?

Uh . . .all I can
see are ugly fat
Secretaries and
homely dull
Accountants NOW!

It's casual, all right... but how come they're all dressed ALIKE??

... exclusively at Ripoff's!

Ripoff's
WEAR YOUR OWN THING
BOUTIQUE
 SPECIAL NONCONFORMIST
 CLOTHES FOR THE
 CHUBBY, HUSKY &
 HARD-TO-FIT

Well . . .at
least they
save money!
They don't
have to buy
an **expensive**
wardrobe!

That's what **YOU** think! I **CHANGE** the Official Uniform almost **every day!** Tomorrow, I'm featuring jeans cut off **BELOW** the knee, and **IVY LEAGUE COLLEGE JERSEYS** instead of Gag T-Shirts! We'll sell out our stock in a **couple of hours!**

**How come
all your
guests
are just
sitting
around,
doing
nothing?**

What do you mean . . . doing nothing?!? This is our Transcendental Meditation period! They're all seeking Inner peace! I find it a big help, too!

But . . . you're not meditating!

Who's got time to meditate???
As long as they're **SITTING**
there, I don't have to spend
money to **ENTERTAIN** them!
And **nothing** gives me inner
peace like **saving a buck!!**

A black and white cartoon illustration of a wig store. In the foreground, a woman with a large, dark wig is looking at a display of wigs. To her left, a sign on a stand reads "SPECIAL ON JOE NAMATH WIGS". To her right, a sign on a stand reads "BE YOURSELF! WEAR A BURT REYNOLDS MOUSTACHE" with a price tag of "6.95". Above the shelves, a sign reads "GLORIA STEINER HAIRPIECES". In the background, a man in a suit and hat stands near a counter. The store has shelves filled with various wig and hairpiece boxes.

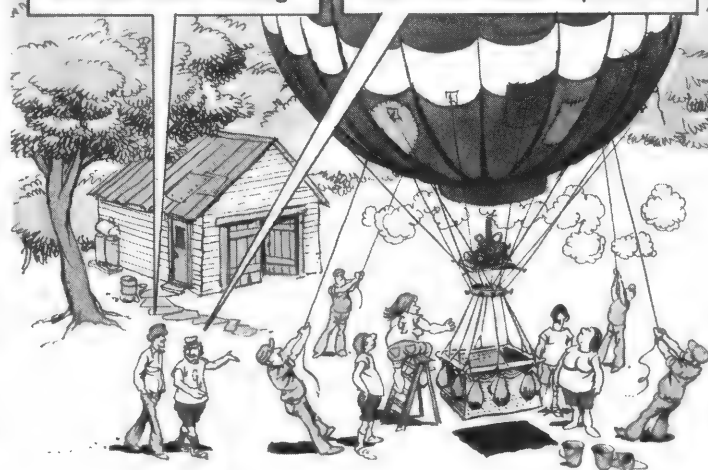
Do you have planned activities or do your guests find ways to amuse themselves?

If we didn't tell these Pepsi Generation Swingers what to do 24 hours a day, they'd do nothing but eat! I figure it's cheaper to amuse them than feed them! So we offer real far-out activities like ping-pong, volley ball, hula hoops, yo-yo's, beer busts, bridge tournaments, Simon says, handball, tennis, shuffleboard, bocce and Mambo Lessons!



They don't sound very far out! Most of the other Singles Clubs I know have wild things like Sky Diving and Mountain Climbing!

If any of these overweight slobs climbed an ANTHILL, they'd collapse! But we do have a hot air balloon! It's the best investment I ever made! Hop aboard!



Why is this the best investment you ever made? Because it keeps your guests happy?

Yeah, I see what you mean!

Even more important, it keeps them air sick, and they can't eat their dinner!



Another favorite pastime here is our popular Grope Encounter Sessions!

No, I mean GROPE! We put everybody in one room, turn the lights off and let them grope!

Why do you turn the lights off? So that everyone will be less inhibited?

No... so they won't see what the person they're GROPING WITH looks like!



Dig this! Tonight is Kung Fu Night!

You're catching on!

This is our Kung Fu Master, Irving Chiang!

Ah... Greetings, Grasshopper! Remember that it is written... "He who will not defend his honor honorably will have no honor left to defend!" Or...

Hey, Irving! Save that Fortune Cookie jazz for the PAYING customers!

Yes! I see that everyone's wearing a Karate Outfit—which, I'll bet, you ALSO sell in your Boutique!



Tell me! Are you a Black Belt?

No!

Are you a Brown Belt?

No, I'm more like a Red Suspender! I used to be a FIREMAN! Get it...?

Knock it off, Irv! You're not the Camp Clown anymore! You're supposed to be a big Karate Man!!

Gee—sorry, Mr. Ripoff! I keep forgetting!



Do you **KNOW** anything about **Kung Fu** or **Karate**?

Only what I see on **TV** or in the **movies**!

Then . . . how can you teach it??

I don't **HAVE** to know anything! I'm **ORIENTAL**! These jokers figure that makes me an expert! So I just leap around and scream, "**YAH!**" . . . and then we drink tea, burn incense and discuss **Oriental Philosophy** . . .

We not only develop their bodies, but we also hold **rap sessions** to teach these clods to be **Swingers**! C'mon, we'll drop in on our "**Symposium For Self Betterment**" . . . conducted by our specially-trained **Guidance Counselor**!

Oh? Is he a **Psychologist**?

Who needs a **Psychologist** when I have an **unemployed Brother-In-Law**?

But . . . I thought you said that he was "**specially-trained**"?

He is! He reads "**Cosmopolitan**," "**Penthouse**," and "**Playboy**"!



Whenever you go to a **Singles Hangout**, never say you've been there **before**! Like . . . it's always your **first time**!

What's a good way to start a **conversation**?

You say . . . "**Hey, didn't we meet last Summer at Fire Island?**"

Uh—how about **CONEY Island**!

Never mention **Coney Island**! That's a **bad scene**! It's like admitting you still live with your **Mother**!

Gee, it's not **easy** being a **Swinger**! They got **more rules** than **plain civilians**!



Some of your guests seem kind of **OLD** for the "**Singles Scene**"! Don't you have an **age limit**!

You're as old as your **Bank Account**, I say! Actually, when the **Singles Movement** first began, anyone over **30** was considered **Establishment**! Now, suddenly, everybody's **30** . . . so the acceptable age for **Swingers** has been raised to **35**! If it keeps up, in twenty more years, we'll have "**Golden Age Singles Clubs**"!



Oh . . . by the way! How about you, Sir? Do you have any children?

I have a **daughter**! Isn't she a **beauty**? A real **Princess**!

Does she spend any time here?

Over my **dead body**! I wouldn't let her set **foot** in one of these **body shops**! This girl is **different**! She's an **old-fashioned girl**! I want her to marry a **Professional Man**! Hey, maybe you know some nice, eligible men in **TV**?

Uhhmm—I think I'll be **leaving**! Goodbye, Mr. **Ripoff**!



How about a **Doctor**? Could you introduce her to **Marcus Welby**? Or maybe his **Assistant** . . . ? Or how about a nice **Lawyer** . . . ? Like **Owen Marshall** . . . or . . . **Hey! You know Doc Elliot** . . . ??

This is **Mark Spritz**—signing off for **MAD!** Magazine!



SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang, it's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're . . .

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: MAY SAKAMI



Reviving an OLD CUSTOM



Cooking Up A ALIBI



Initiating A PROGRAM



Batting An IDEA Around



Casing A JOINT



Hurling An INVECTIVE



Driving A MEAN BARGAIN



Ushering In An ERA



Restoring A CONFIDENCE



Chalking Up A VICTORY



Meeting a **CRYING NEED**



Catching **FORTY WINKS**



Drawing A **BLANK**



Dangling A **PARTICIPLE**



Going Through A **PHASE**



Redressing A **WRONG**

Every day the newspapers are printing more stories about President Nixon's impeachment, and every day clods like us have to digest masses of quotes, charges, denials and garbage. Wouldn't it be nice

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE

1

to a group
at a caucus
to unruly mobs
at a nude wedding
at a raffle
to the keepers
despite the threats
to the boredom
to a fan club
at a Bar Mitzvah
over the heads
beyond the hearing range

2

G.O.P. Congressmen
Democratic lawmakers
newsmen
black militants
White House "Plumbers"
typhoid carriers
wife-swappers
John Dean's schoolmates
Capricorns
gay liberationists
Pennsylvania shepherds
schizophrenics

IMPEACH NEWSPAPER

Speaking _____ ① _____ of

declared today that the impeachment of President

The statement, which was _____ ② _____

_____ ③ _____ with _____

_____ ④ _____ _____ ⑤ _____

Asked for comment, a White House

5

cheered
denied
detested
repeated for laughs
translated into Urdu
heard and forgotten
shown to G. Gordon Liddy
called a darling idea
relayed via satellite
sung to the tune of "Swanee"
secretly bugged
passed on by kissing

6

by Presidential critics
by Presidential supporters
in the Oval Office
by John Wayne
by Dan Rather
in the Senate men's room
by the KGB
in a Denver trailer court
on "Let's Make a Deal"
by every dwarf but Sneezy
by the Washington Redskins
by a Fresno streaker

7

John Mitchell
E. Howard Hunt
H.R. Haldeman
Bebe Rebozo
Robert Vesco
Alice Cooper
life on Saturn
Andrew Johnson
the Russian grain deal
recent earthquakes
Agnew's golf game
Darwin's theory

8

Watergate
the erased tapes
the Dirty Tricks squad
Nixon's unpaid taxes
David Eisenhower
Martha Mitchell
cancer
Linda Lovelace
toe fungus
Evers and Chance
obesity
Comet Kohoutek

to have one news story instead of the hundreds we're now forced to wade through? Well, consider it done. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll have . . .



WE DO-IT-YOURSELF

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

CHMENT PER STORY

____ (2) _____, _____ (3) _____
 President Nixon _____ (4) _____
 _____ (5) _____ _____ (6) _____, linked
 _____ (8) _____ and alleged that the President
 _____ as far back as _____ (11) _____
 spokesman _____ (12) _____

3
 Rep. Peter Rodino
 Vice President Ford
 Sen. Sam Ervin
 Harold Stassen
 an IBM computer
 the Kim sisters
 an obscene phone-caller
 John-boy Walton
 Marley's ghost
 a trained mynah
 a man in a funny hat
 a lovely guy named Phil

4
 is a certainty
 will fail by two votes
 will become a TV series
 is fattening
 will ruin Billy Graham
 will bring back vaudeville
 can cause rabies
 will unify Costa Rica
 sure beats working
 was predicted by Nostradamus
 will be rated PG
 may replace sex

9
 knew about
 was covering up
 chose to ignore
 had no knowledge of
 blamed Pakistan for
 ped with Bob Dylan about
 utterly adored
 mped up and down about
 nsulted an exorcist about
 told David Frye about
 ussed at a summit meeting
 went into trance over

10
 the break-in
 the cover-up
 his land deals
 an embarrassing hickey
 George Allen's game plan
 Kosygin's bad breath
 Rebozo's tailor
 his I.T.T. dividends
 graffiti on Air Force One
 Kissinger's accent
 Key Biscayne speed freaks
 Pat's selling her cloth coat

11
 September 3, 1972
 April 10, 1973
 Tricia's wedding
 FDR's third term
 his Checkers speech
 Hunt's first novel
 his lawyers can remember
 the 1972 Super Bowl
 a previous lifetime
 Teapot Dome
 his first attack of amnesia
 the Crusades

12
 denied the charge
 could not be found
 took the Fifth Amendment
 resigned
 threw up
 went bananas
 said he was George Plimpton
 defected
 locked himself in the bathroom
 whistled "Dixie"
 got stoned
 was given last rites

Look at those poor, under-privileged children down there, roasting in the hot sun ... with nothing to do ... and no way to cool off!

The city should build them a municipal swimming pool, or close a street and set up sprinklers, or at least open a few fire-hydrants!

Nobody's doing anything about it! Everyone's too lethargic! Everyone wants to let George do it! Well, I'm George! And I'm going to make noise! I'm going to circulate petitions and pound on the Mayor's door until I get some action in this just cause!

Good! And I'll help you! Let's get started right this minute!!

Not now! It's too hot!

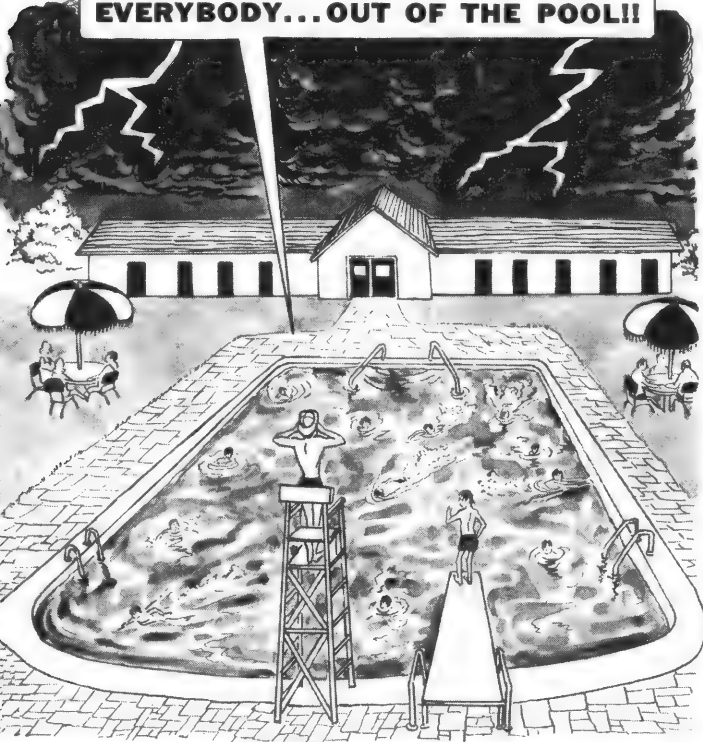


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

HOT

EVERYBODY... OUT OF THE POOL!!

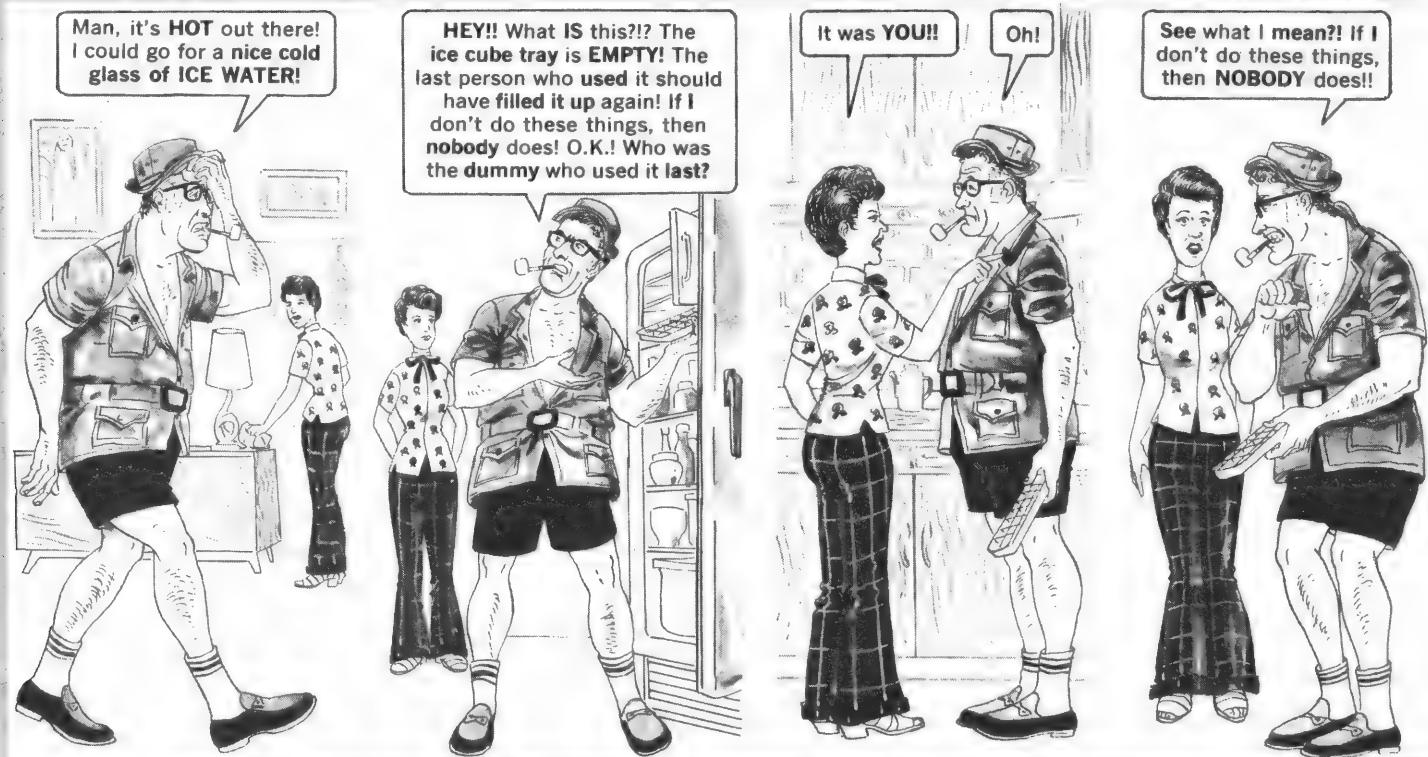


Why do they always chase us out of the pool whenever there's a thunderstorm ... ?



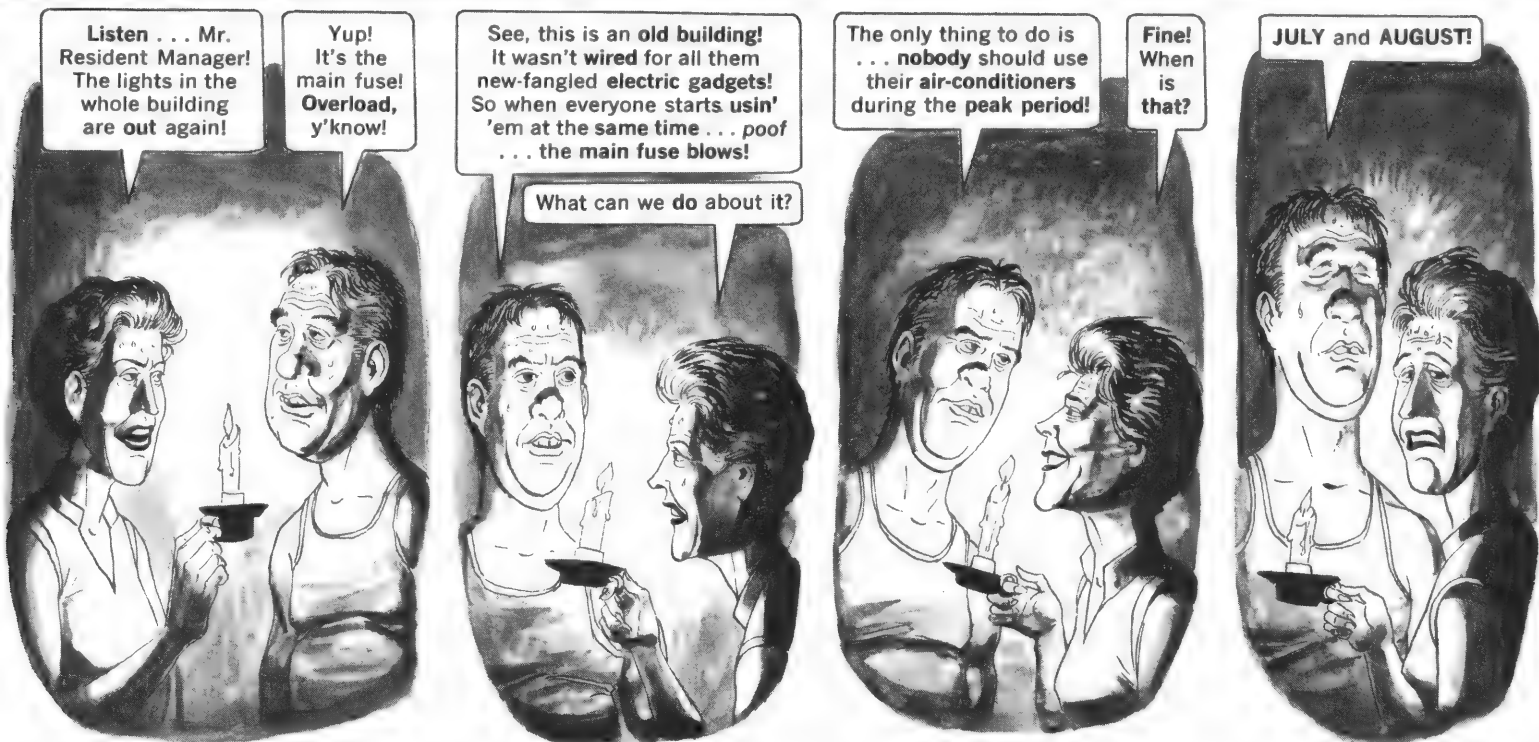
Because they don't want us to get WET, silly!

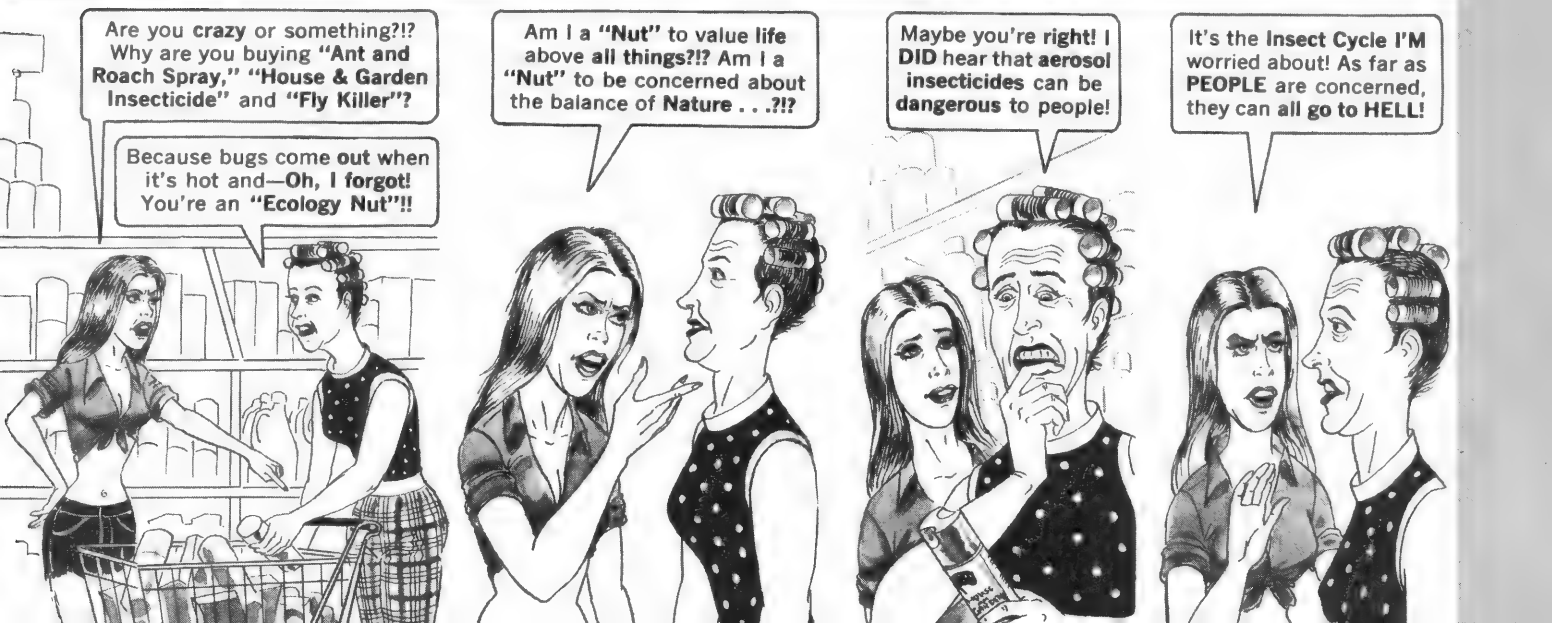
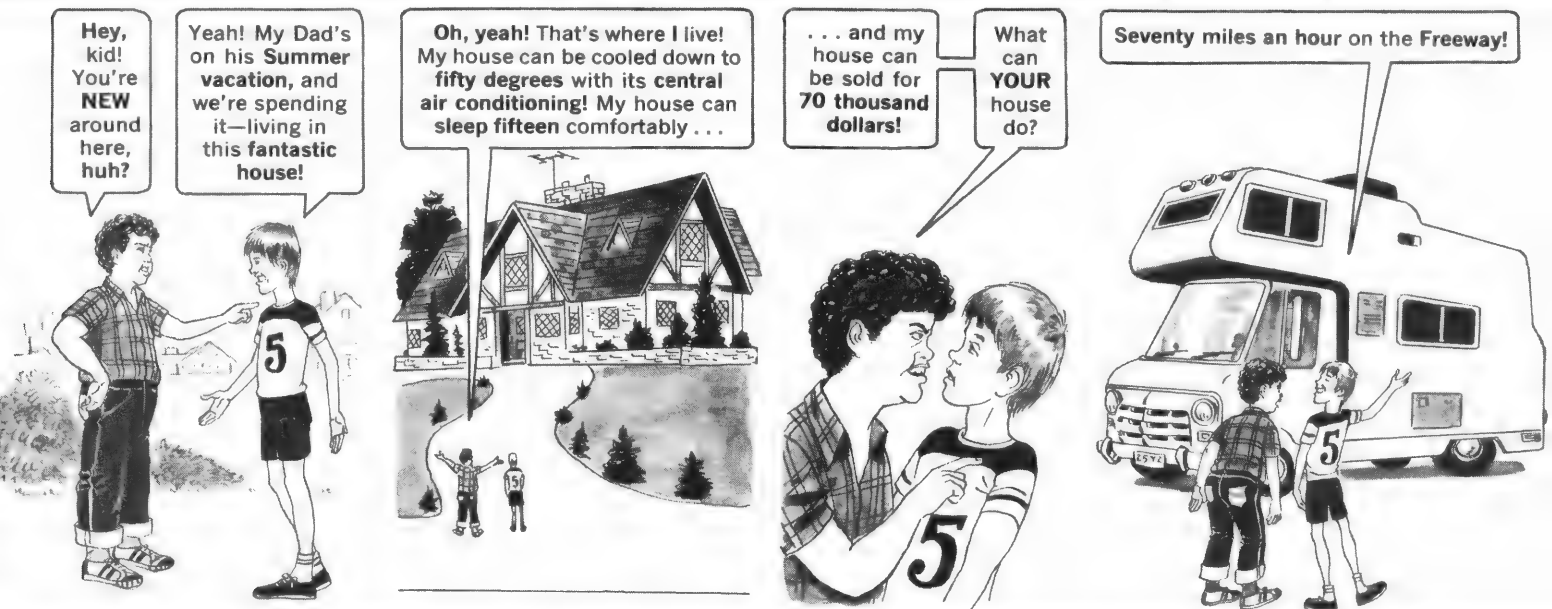
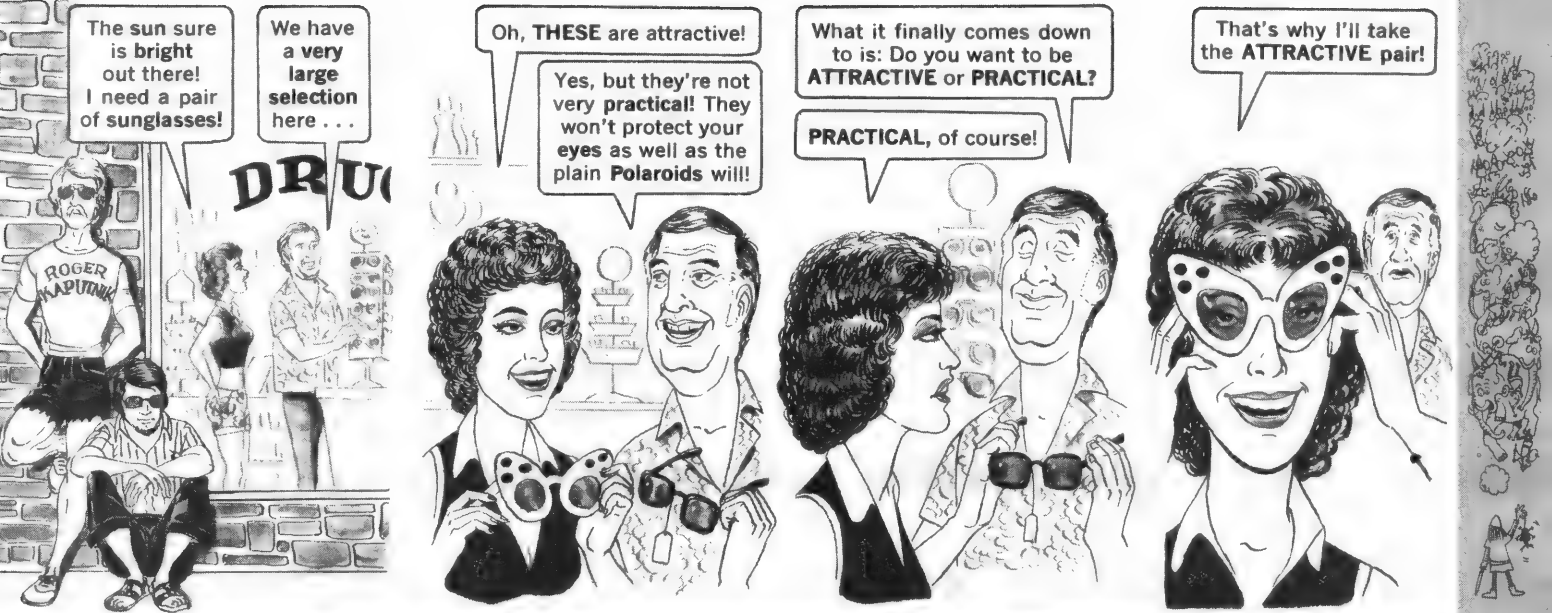




WEATHER

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



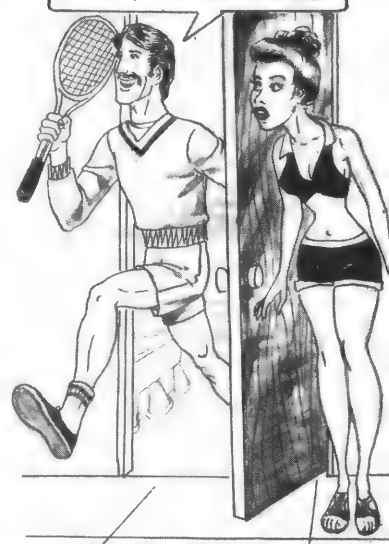
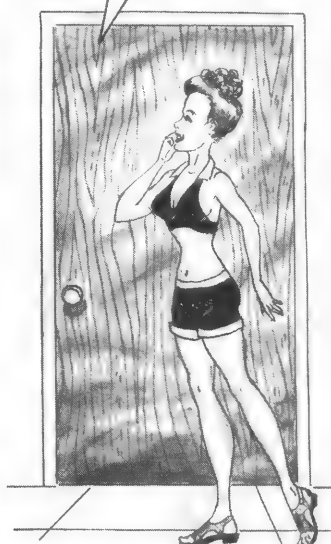


Whew! What a day it's been!
The office air conditioners
were on full blast, and I
STILL sweated like a pig!

I can't wait to get out of
these drenched clothes ...

... into something cool ...

... and onto the courts for
a few quick sets of tennis!



And now for the weather! There
is no break in sight for this
current heat wave! The power
company reports a **dangerous**
overload due to excessive use
of air conditioners! Therefore—

There will be a **10% cutback**
in electric power! This could
cause **blackouts** in some areas!
The power company also advises
its customers to shut off all
unnecessary electric appliances

... including your radio!

Stay tuned for
further reports!



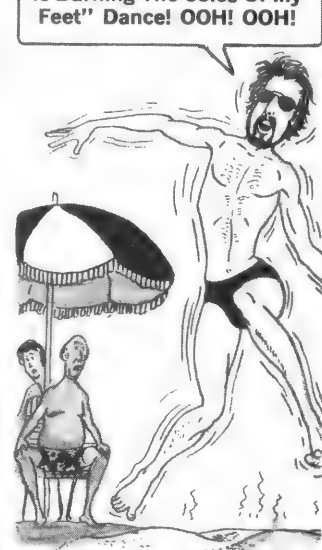
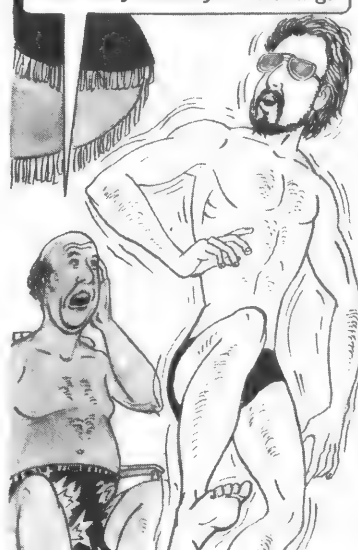
Look at those
crazy kids!
Every week
it's another
new dance!

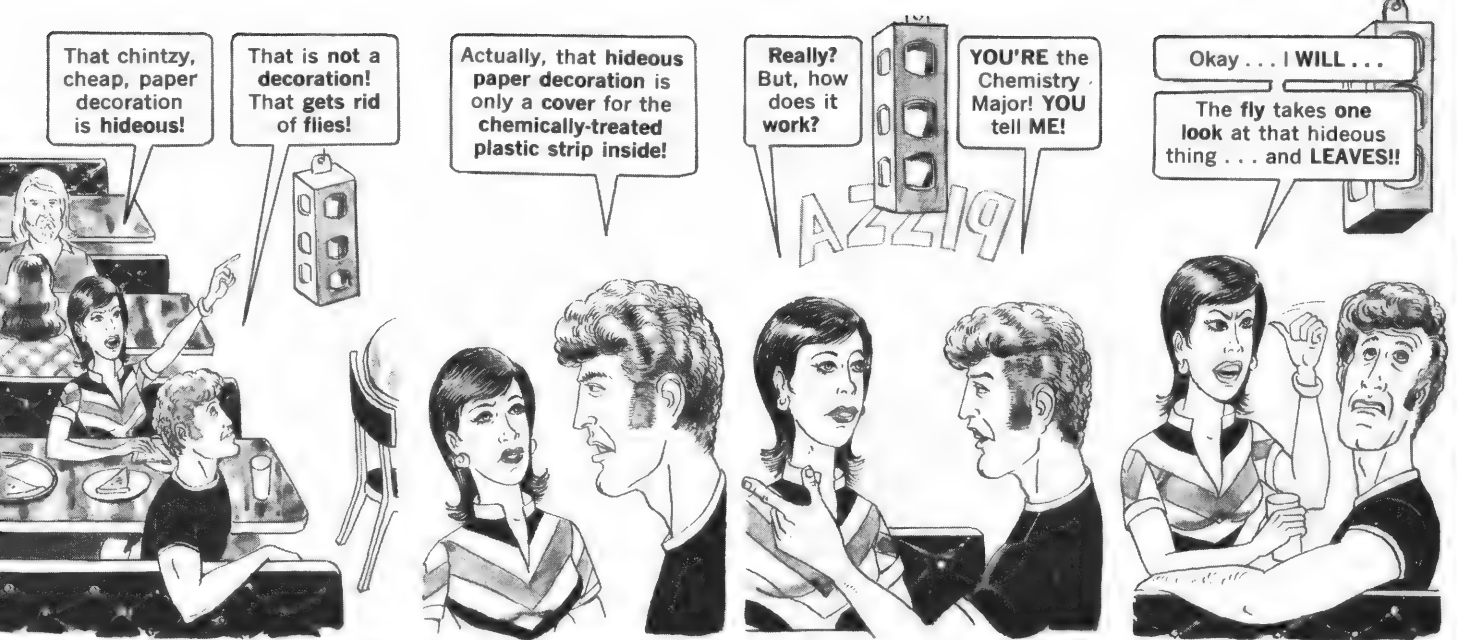
If you think
THEY'RE
crazy, look
at this nut
over here!

OOH! OOH! OOH! OOH!

Hey, kid! What's the name of
that crazy dance you're doing?

It's called "The Hot Sand
Is Burning The Soles Of My
Feet" Dance! OOH! OOH!







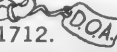






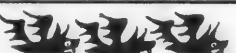


















Alfred's Poor ALMANAC

AUGUST

		THURS 15	MAD No. 170 goes on sale. Publisher predicts issue will be sold out. 
FRI 16	Nine-year-old Nelly Markell is trapped in Pillsbury bag, becomes first flour child, 1966. 	SAT 17	Psychiatrist Kurt Zeitgeist arrested for wearing lingerie, explains it's a Freudian slip, 1904. 
SUN 18	TODAY MARKS THE ONE HUNDREDTH AND TWENTY THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF WESTERN UNION.	MON 19	Harry Schmeer wins "National Standing-on-Head Competition" hands down, 1948. 
TUES 20	At 3:18 today the planet Neptune will call it quits. 	WED 21	King Henry II orders his jesters to work 24 hours a day so he'll always have his wits about him, 1161. 
THURS 22	Marc Antony meets Cleopatra's mother, announces he's discovered the mouth of the Nile, 42 B.C. 	FRI 23	A flag bearer who goofs on the job usually sets a poor standard. 
SAT 24	Today is the first day of the rest of your life! But so was yesterday, and you didn't do anything about it then! ^{SO, NO?}	SUN 25	Sean Connery's birthday. Chums give him a worthless debenture, figuring one retired Bond deserves another.
MON 26	When two egotists meet, they generally see I to I. 	TUES 27	Philadelphia Eagles added to endangered species list, 1972. 
WED 28	You can tell when dogs have their early-morning walks by the "do" on the grass. 	THURS 29	Today marks the 18th anniversary of Leona Grimble's first hickey. 
FRI 30	Archaeologist Chauncey Windrush quits his job when he realizes his career is in ruins. 1933. 	SAT 31	Snow White turns on with the dwarfs at Disney World, winds up feeling Dopey, 1973. 

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SEPTEMBER

		SUN 1	Pierre LaFite, history's first Criminologist, discovers rigor mortis is a dead giveaway, 1712. 
MON 2	Martha Mitchell's birthday. Don't buy her anything for her bathroom as her John is out of order. 	TUES 3	Piccolo players picket N.Y. Philharmonic, demand a higher scale, 1955. 
WED 4	Flossie LaRue of midtown Manhattan named All-Pro eighth year in a row, 1970. 	THURS 5	Raquel Welch's birthday. Which may explain why today is a total bust. 
FRI 6	Man who falls in blast furnace is certain to feel overwrought. 	SAT 7	Shoplifter Ina Quigley sentenced to month in jail for stealing mink stole, complains she got bum wrap, 1951.
SUN 8	God calls an audible at the Red Sea, sends Moses through center, 1271 B.C. 	MON 9	Vampires travel fast because they take the main arteries. 
TUES 10	Harry Houdini refuses to see visitors while working, says he's tied up for the day, 1920. 	WED 11	Julius Caesar announces Rome has too many soothsayers, declares an excess prophets tax, 46 B.C. X %!
THURS 12	8th consecutive homely king takes Spanish throne, proving the reign in Spain falls mainly to the plain, 1871.	FRI 13	Amy Twiggert changes from Maxwell House to Yuban, says she's tired of the same old grind, 1970. 
SAT 14	Book publisher turns down "Pinocchio," claiming there's too many strings attached, 1882. 	SUN 15	Al Iggy teaches pet bird 4-letter words, is charged with contributing to the delinquency of a mynah, 1949. 
MON 16	Electric fans fail to work during Macy's Summer Clearance, taking the wind out of their sales, 1936. 	TUES 17	You can count on tomorrow being a day full of disasters. 
WED 18	Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. 	THURS 19	Kennel owner Waldo Smeetz feeds dogs rotten meat, is forced to put down boxer rebellion, 1940. 
FRI 20	Cortez pillages Montezuma's cities, enslaves his people, rapes his women, robs his gold, 1520. 	SAT 21	Montezuma invents the runs, 1520. 
SUN 22	William Schmeedle sees 9-foot high, purple-striped monster in Alaska, is told it's an optical Aleutian, 1963. 	MON 23	Mickey Rooney's birthday. Don't buy him an expensive gift—any little something will do. 
TUES 24	Bagpipe player Angus Haggis runs naked on 90th birthday, says he wanted one more highland fling, 1932. 	WED 25	Harry Swagg arrives at party two hours late, discovers he's been beaten to the punch, 1950. 
THURS 26	Gardner Fenwick Birnbaum loses fight against crab grass, throws in the trowel, 1944. 	FRI 27	Magellan tries to sail around South America, finds himself in desperate straits, 1520. 
SAT 28	Euclid discovers the zero, realizes that it's all for naught, 310 B.C. 	SUN 29	Architect Andy Mangold fails to win first prize in Fancy Home competition, settles for Honorable Mansion, 1950.
MON 30	Wladimir Zlytzmk deposits three billion zlotys in Warsaw bank, sets new Pole vault record, 1927. 		

OCTOBER

TUES 1	Myrtle Carstairs orders strawberries in restaurant, realizes later that it was a rash decision, 1966. 	WED 2	MAD No. 170 goes off sale. Angry newsstand dealers tell publisher they've been sold out! 
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DETOURING THE PARKS' WAY DEPT.

Each September, you can count on three sure things: The leaves will start to fall, the football season will begin, and Bert Parks will host "The Miss America Beauty Pageant." Now, there's not much we can do about the first two, but there *is* something we can do

IF OTHER CELEBRITIES HOSTED

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

Like...BOBBY RIGGS...



Before we crown **Miss America**, let's put an end to the rumors that I'm a **Male Chauvinist!** Actually I have the **highest regard** for women . . .

And now . . . the finalists! The **Second Runner-Up** is the blonde with the wild boom-booms, **Miss Massachusetts!**

And the **First Runner-Up** is the bimbo from Denver . . . **Miss Colorado!** You got fantastic legs, honey!

Which means **Miss America** is that **great hunk of stuff** from **Nevada—Flossie May Greebleman!**

So put on that **big empty grin** of yours, swing your torso down the **runway** and don't mind if the guys up front paw you a little! That's what your **body** is for! Meanwhile, I'll sing:

♪ ***Hello, girlie!**
Well, hello, girlie!
We all groove your **Miss America** routine!
♪ You've grabbed the plum, girlie,
'Cause you're dumb, girlie—
Not some screechin' libber preachin' like she's **Billie Jean!**

♪ **Don't sing or act, girlie!**
Just stay stacked, girlie,
It's your body not your talent we applaud,
So—
♪ Wiggle that stuff, girlie!
Hang in there tough, girlie!
Girlie, you're the country's fav'rite broad!



* Sung to the tune of "Hello, Dolly"



about Bert Parks. Mainly, we can replace him (and while we're at it, that idiotic "There She Is . . . Miss America!" song) with someone more interesting. Anybody would be an improvement, as you will see in this next article which shows what could happen . . .

"THE MISS AMERICA PAGEANT"

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

And...JANE FONDA...



Our Third Runner-Up is Miss Illinois . . . obviously a pawn of Mayor Daley and his gang of Chicago Blackshirts!

Our Second Runner-Up is Miss West Virginia, a typical product of the System, who stands there, smirking, while thousands of people in her State are dying of malnutrition!

Our First Runner-Up is Miss Utah! The bathing suit she's wearing costs twice as much as the average weekly wage of a persecuted Navajo!

And here she is . . . Miss America . . . Betty Lou Bibble, Miss Kansas . . . whose father's tax dollars contribute to the U.S. policy of Imperialistic genocide which has taken the lives of half a million peace-loving Viet Cong guerillas!

Now, get out there and do your little goose step, you pig, while I sing . . .

*The winner we're choosing, it's clear to see, Exemplifies fascist hy-poc-ri-sy! Her beauty we revere, While oppressed migrant workers go hungry each year!

We sing out her praises and cheer her on, While murdering thugs run the Pentagon! Her we're naming And acclaiming While Cambodian peasants we're maiming!

A tool Nixon's using! The winner we're choosing Will be!



* Sung to the tune of "The Girl That I Marry"

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED MUCH TOO YOUNG/O

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... the band she picked for your Wedding refuses to play a Waltz.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... he objects to what you grow in your garden.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... your Manhood and Patriotism are questioned ... just because you happen to be driving her car to work one day.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... he's constantly upset ... having to explain that you're his Wife, not his Daughter, dammit!

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... you come home from a hard day to find that dinner isn't ready ... but she's learned three new Folk Songs.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... he stays home on his Bowling night because he knows that a bunch of your friends are coming over.

MARRIED A GAL/GUY WHO'S OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



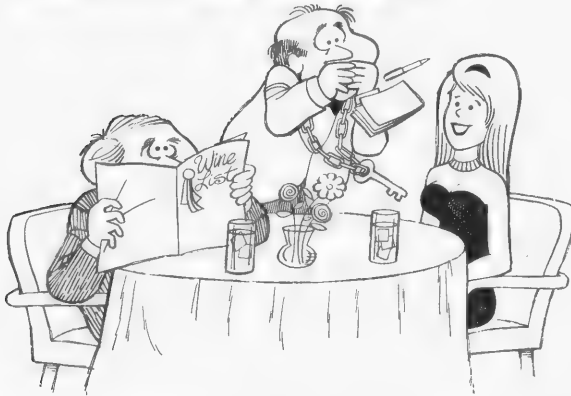
... the clock-radio is always set on her station.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... he's got more in common with your Mother than with you.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... you're studying the wine list in a very plush restaurant, and she asks you to order a bottle of "Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill."

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



... you have to shovel the snow, because he's afraid that it would be a strain on his heart.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S
MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...**



... in an effort to share her interests, you attend your very first Rock Concert ... and you find that the fans are a bunch of loud-mouthed, obnoxious, screaming morons.

**YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S
MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...**



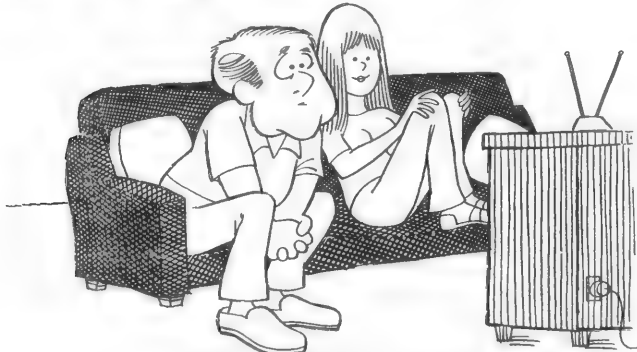
... in an effort to share his interests, you attend your very first Pro Football game ... and find that the fans are a bunch of loud-mouthed, obnoxious, screaming morons.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... she bugs you to quit smoking so you won't get cancer.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you actually start to care what happens on "The Partridge Family."

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you invite your Boss and his Wife over for dinner, and she serves McDonald's "Big Macs."

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



... you throw a house party ... and it turns out to be a confrontation between your friends and that idiot generation.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he bugs you to quit smoking so you won't get busted.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... he informs you that you can no longer wear those short dresses that used to turn him on when you were just dating.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



... you have your first argument because he refuses to take you to a real "fun place" on your vacation.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...





There is one gnawing suspicion that begins to grow within everyone who has spent a few days in a hospital. It's that vague feeling that the members of the staff are engaged in a giant conspiracy of indifference, incompetence and inhumanity calculated to make patients suffer as much aggravation, worry and discomfort as possible. Of course, there never has been any proof to substantiate a claim that hospitals deliberately set out to make us feel more miserable than necessary for longer than necessary. At least . . . until now! By accident, MAD has come into possession of a damaging little booklet that no layman is ever supposed to see. For the satisfaction (and possible legal use) of those who have suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous hospitalization, we herewith reprint a part of the diabolical pamphlet that confirms even our wildest suspicions.

GHOUISH MEDICAL CORP. 1974 HOSPITAL SUPPLY CATALOGUE



FOR THE HEALING PROFESSIONS ONLY
Sales to Laymen Absolutely Forbidden

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: TOM KOCH



SIMULATED GALLSTONES. There's never a need to fear that unnecessary gall bladder surgery may lead to malpractice suits when you keep a supply of these convincing fakes on hand to show victims afterward. Made of finest hand polished gravel, and then pickled in brine to give them that authentic "medical" look.

374—"PICKLED PEBBLE" BRAND PHONY GALLSTONES . . . \$2.69 quart
(Specify color desired: Sickly Grey, Bloody Red, Festered Yellow)

MAKE PATIENTS THINK YOU SUPPLY CLEAN BED LINEN REGULARLY with a dazzling display of our finest new laundry bag carts. Even the most skeptical will never guess that you merely rip dirty sheets off one bed and put them on another when they see hallways filled with these rubber-tired, sanitary looking beauties.

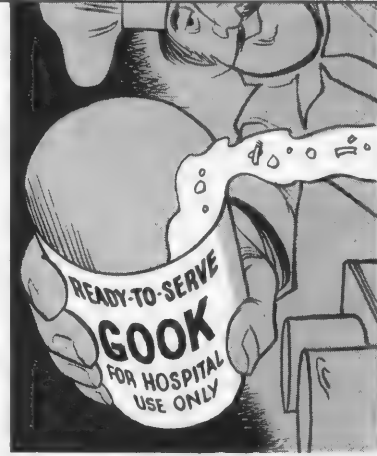
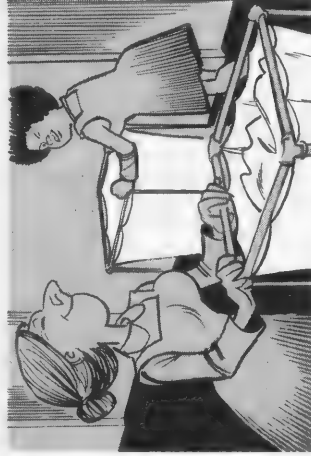
921—DIRTY-LINEN-IN-PUBLIC CARTS . . . \$49.95 dozen
921A—SAME, BUT WITH CAST IRON WHEELS FOR NIGHT USE . . . \$69.95 dozen

STIFF, STARCHED BED SHEETS. Supplement patient agony with bed sores induced by lying on these rigid beauties. Specially made for hospital use of coarse, bleached hemp fiber. Permanent starch will never weaken, even in institutions that launder their linen occasionally.

273—PATENTED "FLESHSCRAPER" BRAND BED SHEETS . . . \$3.50 ea.

CANNED FLOOR SWEEPINGS IN CREAM SAUCE. The ideal hospital food budget stretch-er. Thick, gooey texture makes this crud look just like those unidentifiable vegetables you've been serving to inmates all along, yet it costs much less than real food. Guaranteed to silence complaints about greasy veal cutlets and dry harvard beets, which will suddenly taste rather good by comparison.

781—CREAMED FLOOR SWEEPINGS (No. 2 Cans) . . . \$7.75 per gross



RECONDITIONED AMBULANCE SIREN. Why spend thousands on a whole ambulance just to awaken sleeping patients with those fake-3 A.M. emergency runs? Create the same jarring effect cheaply by having a night janitor run around the building with one of these authentic sirens. All were removed from real ambulances to conform with new noise pollution laws, and are on sale at discount for quick clearance.

877—"SCREAMING EAGLE" AMBULANCE SIREN . . . \$27.50



REVERSIBLE HOSPITAL GOWNS. There's no cause for alarm when patients accidentally put these shapeless draw-string creations on backwards, as each is guaranteed to leave something embarrassing exposed no matter how it is worn. Available in all popular styles: Wide gap, Wider gap and Falling off completely.

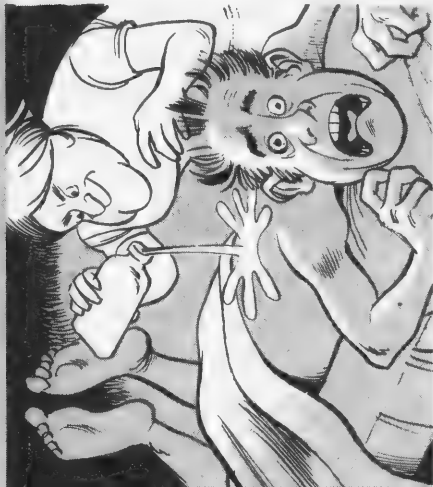
616—DOUBLE EXPOSURE HOSPITAL GOWNS . . . \$7.35 dozen

BLOOD PRESSURE GAUGE IS REALLY A BAROMETER! Amazing device enables doctors to pretend they are examining patients while actually checking weather conditions for afternoon golf game. Precision mechanism foretells rain, hurricanes, monsoons and most other natural phenomena, except death from high blood pressure.

347—GOLFER'S PAL MEDICAL BAROMETER . . . \$19.95
347A—DELUXE MODEL AUTOGRAPHED BY JACK NICKLAUS . . . \$24.95

FAKE INTRAVENOUS FEEDING EQUIPMENT. Ideal for hospitals that get lots of complaints about serving creamed chipped beef twice a day. Just wheel one of those authentic looking outfits into a room and watch patients eagerly gobble whatever they're served. Made of inexpensive cardboard and plastic, but comes with extra long needle to let inmates know what's in store for them if they refuse to eat.

814—INTIMIDATING INTRAVENOUS OUTFIT . . . \$9.75 per set



MIRACLE CHILL RUBBING ALCOHOL. Thanks to modern science, back rubs can now be as excruciating as everything else done to people in your hospital. Amazing new ingredient (dry ice) keeps this alcohol at least 80 degrees below body temperature, even on hottest summer days. Helps maintain patient discipline by making a rub-down a feared torture rather than an enjoyable reward.

5516—MIRACLE CHILL
ALCOHOL \$1.19 per gallon



TURN DEADBEAT VISITORS INTO PAYING PATIENTS by polishing your hospital floors with Slide-Glo Wax. Buffs vinyl surface to a slippery shine that helps you quickly fill up those vacant beds with fracture victims. Yet Slide-Glo leaves floors completely safe for staff members, assuming you've outfitted them with deck shoes.

**944—SLIDE-GLO HOSPITAL
FLOOR WAX \$31.50 per drum**



METAL TRAYS WITH CONCAVE BOTTOMS create up to 45 decibels more racket when dropped on hospital floors in the middle of the night. Extra resonance can awaken patients over a three-floor area. Especially good for causing relapses in cardiac wards. Made of finest galvanized steel by the Greater Sheboygan Kettle Drum & Hospital Tray Corp.

**364—"BIG BANG" BRAND
HOSPITAL TRAYS . . . \$11.50 dozen**



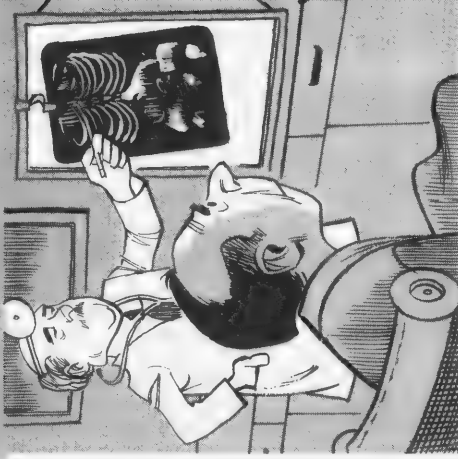
INACCURATE SCALES help convince puny patients that they're slipping away even faster than they thought. Precision magnetic device automatically deducts ten pounds from true body weight to bring on quick relapse, even among those who are actually recovering.

**465—INSTANT EMACIATION
SCALES \$39.50**



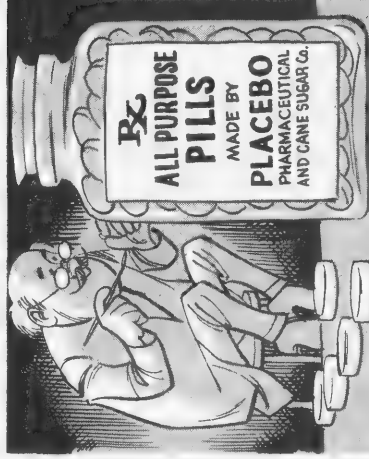
KEEP VISITORS FROM USING YOUR ELEVATORS with a set of catchy, discouraging door signs. No hospital wants mobs of raunchy relatives going upstairs to annoy staff members with complaints about treatment of loved ones. Forcing them to use steep stairways discourages up to 80% of unwanted visitors from trying to get off the ground.

**465—ASSORTED ELEVATOR DIS-
COURAGEMENT SIGNS \$1.50 dozen**



LET SECOND HAND X-RAYS CONVINCE YOUR PATIENTS of the urgent need for surgery. Laymen never recognize their own X-rays anyway, so why cut into your profit by taking new pictures that may cost as much as \$2.50 each to produce? We have made a bargain purchase of the complete files of a bankrupt radiologist, and pass the savings along to you.

114—ASSORTED BONE AND INTERNAL ORGAN X-RAYS ... \$1.60 dozen



TREAT ANYTHING WITH MIRACULOUS NEW BRIGHTLY COLORED PILLS. Are you discovering that old fashioned white sugar pills can only be palmed off on patients as aspirin? Then step up into the big profit pharmaceutical field now with sugar pills containing the new wonder ingredient, vegetable coloring. Available in Antibiotic Blue, Tranquillizer Yellow and Pain Deadening Pink.

**517—STRICTLY NON-PRESCRIPTION
MIRACLE DRUGS \$11.50 per 10,000**

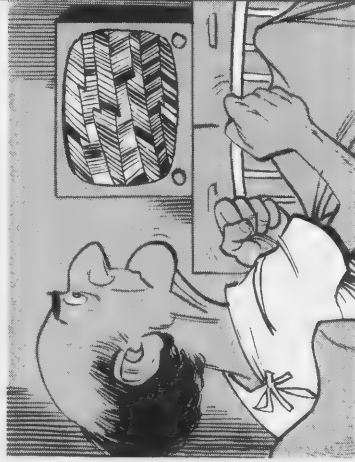


BOTTOM SHOCKER BED PAN. Heavy gauge steel construction keeps this deluxe pan horrendously cold for hours after removal from refrigerated stockroom. Nurses and orderlies will have a barrel of laughs watching unsuspecting victims react as warm flesh adheres to frigid metal. Especially good for awakening patients to give them their sleeping pills.

519—"ARCTIC TAILS" BED PANS \$13.50 dozen

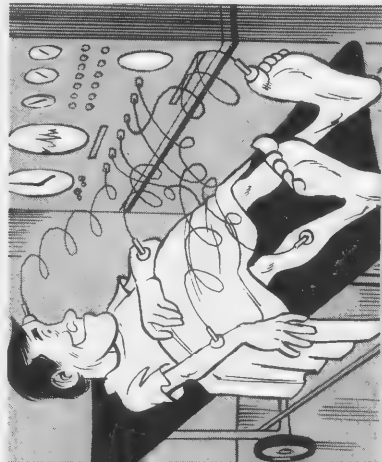
INCREDIBLE SAVINGS ON SOLID GLASS FEVER THERMOMETERS! It's the mercury in standard thermometers that runs up the cost, so we've left it out of these! Quite adequate for hospital use since nurses never allow patients to see what their temperature is, and merely take it hourly to appear efficient. Save big money on these glass rods that feel like the real thing when shoved under the tongue.

791—SWIZZLE STICKS SIMILAR TO FEVER THERMOMETERS 9¢ ea.



SPECIALLY DESIGNED RENTAL TV SETS. Constant picture flopper drives bedfast patients ape. That's why these hospital rental models were made with weak "Vertical Hold" mechanisms to discourage their use by those who can't get up to make frequent adjustments. Patients beg for sets to be turned off to preserve their sanity, but you continue collecting daily rental fee while saving vital electricity.

885—UTTERLY MADDENING TELEVISION \$99.50
(Available only in black and white, but no body will notice.)



DIAGNOSTIC PROFILE DATA READ-OUT MACHINE. Nicely equipped with 327 blinking lights, recorded clicking and whirring sounds, plus full set of electrodes for attachment to patients. Basic machine does nothing in particular, but computer unit (optional at extra cost) can be programmed to make out staff payroll checks while patient thinks he is getting vital heart and respiration tests.

3941—DIAGNOSTIC PROFILE DATA READ-OUT MACHINE \$495
3942—DE LUXE MACHINE WITH COMPUTER UNIT \$100,495



BUZZER RESPONSE TAPE RECORDING ends nuisance of answering patients' calls for service with live nurses. Cassette tape features a variety of reassuring recorded messages for broadcast over hospital inter-com system. Sincere feminine voice is guaranteed to keep patients pacified until they grow too weak to press buzzer or lapse into unconsciousness.

987—ANGEL OF MERCY RECORDING (30-minute Cassette) \$2.98



INTENSE BEAM PHYSICIAN'S LIGHT. As a medical person, only you know what you're hunting for when you shine that bright light in a patient's eyes. You're hunting for money and valuables in his pockets while he is blinded by the glare. New ultra-penetrating light gives you as much as five extra minutes of danger-free rummaging time.

699—LONG BLINDING MEDICAL EXAMINATION LIGHT \$17.50
(Long lasting medical batteries not included)



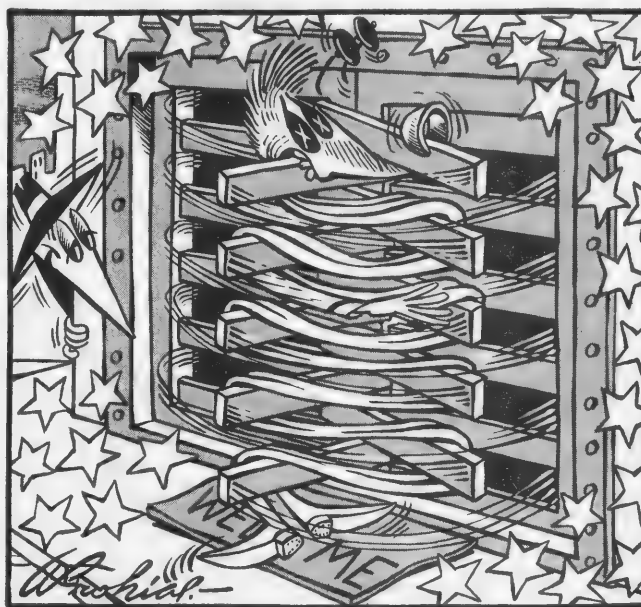
COARSE, SCRATCHY BATHROOM TISSUE. Among sick people, even minor discomfort can build up to the kind of nagging pain that lengthens a hospital stay. This low quality, abrasive tissue quickly makes patients dread "answering nature's call," yet it costs no more than ordinary soft textured brands sold for home use.

116—AGONIZING BATHROOM TISSUE \$1.89 dozen rolls



"LOK-TITE" BEDSIDE GUARD RAILS. End worry about nosy patients sneaking out into halls at night and discovering that your nurses' stations are all unstaffed after 9 P.M. These sturdy steel rails keep inmates in bed where they belong. High enough that efforts to climb out over the top will only result in nasty falls requiring longer hospitalization.

VIRTUALLY ESCAPE-PROOF BEDSIDE GUARD RAILS \$12.95 pair
COMPLETELY ESCAPE-PROOF ELECTRIFIED RAILS \$79.50 pair.



BUTTERFLY McQUEEN DEPT.

There's a hit movie making the rounds that advertises itself as "The Greatest Adventure Story Ever Told!" Well, we may not exactly agree with that, but we will admit it's "The DUMBEST Adventure Story Ever Told!" We're referring, of course, to the movie about that man who had a simply unbelievable life! And that's how we feel about it! We simply don't believe it! But we do know one thing! It was so nauseating, so disgusting, so stomach-turning . . . that we bought, but never got to eat our

POOL

Gee, it's nice of them to give us these little bowls of water to wash our hands in!

That's today's meal, idiot! It's SOUP!!

Hey! Aren't you Lousi Engraver . . . the famous Defense Bond counterfeiter?

Yes, I made the best counterfeit Defense Bonds in history . . . except for one little error! I spelled "France" with an "S" instead of a "C"!

I understand you have a lot of money with you, but since they inspect us so thoroughly, it's hidden where I think it's hidden!

Well, let's put it this way! If I should happen to get the "runs" right now, you'd be a very rich man!

But every other convict on this ship knows you're loaded! You need protection!

Listen . . . when I think I need protection, I'll ASK for it—



PICORN

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

And I think that **NOW** is the time to ask! Uh . . . for **protecting** me, what do you want in return?

Money . . . to finance my escape plans!

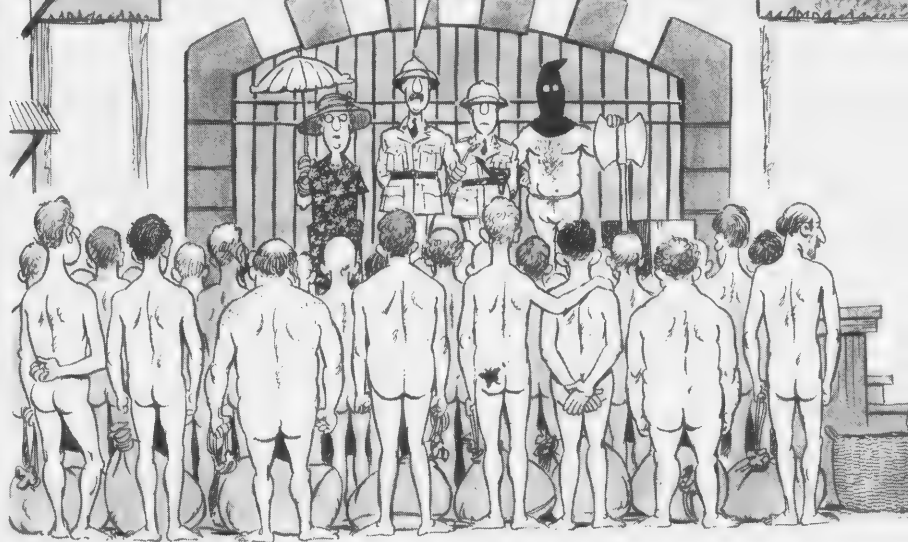
Okay! I agree! Anything else?

Yeah! I want the money **WASHED** before you give it to me!

Welcome to the prison of **St. Guinea Pigs!** Don't expect it to be as pleasant here as that "**Luxury Cruise**" you just took!

This prison is "**Escape-Proof!**" But, should you try . . . for a first attempt, we'll add **25 years** to your sentence! For a **second attempt**, we'll add **100 years!** Any further attempts, and we'll start to get tough!

Now . . . before I say, "**About Face!**", put on your uniforms! We're trying to keep this a **PG picture!**



Ah! Mr. **Lousi Engraver!** The rumor mill has it that you're up to your ears in money!

That's close!

For a small sum, you could stay here and have a real cushy job! . . . Like cutting stones to fit the pillowcases in the cells!

I couldn't help over-hearing . . . especially since I was eavesdropping! So **YOU'RE THE Lousi Engraver!**

That's him! And I'm his friend!!

My family lost everything they owned buying your counterfeit Defense Bonds! The ones with "**Long Live Franse!**" on them! And you're his **FRIEND** . . . ?

Should auld acquaintance Be forgot, and never—



Well, I have special jobs for both of you! **TIDYING UP** . . . !

Oh, that sounds pretty nice!

. . . A **SWAMP!!**



We don't assign anyone "Swamp Duty" until he's had a thorough Medical Examination! But I can tell merely by looking at you men that you're all in great shape!

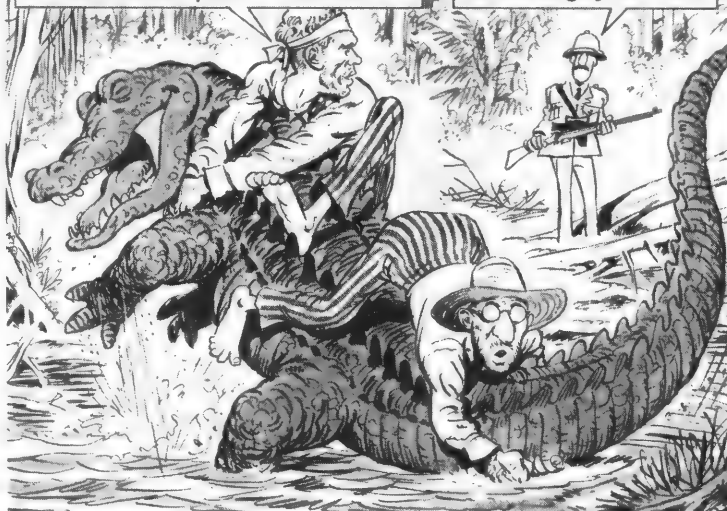
If those two are in GREAT shape, I'd sure love to see what you consider to be in just GOOD shape!

I could SHOW you, but we just buried 'em this morning!



This sure is some crocodile-infested, mosquito-laden, God-forsaken, dismal hell-hole of a place ... isn't it?!

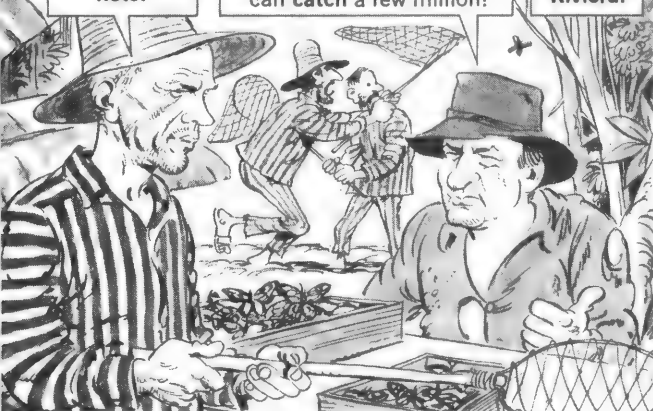
Well, EVERYBODY loves it at first! But you'll soon change your mind!



Did some convict go mad ... and now they're chasing him with those butterfly nets?

No, they're chasing REAL BUTTERFLIES! The guards make extra money selling them to me! I pay twenty cents a ton! Here! Take a net and try it! See if you can catch a few million!

Thanks! I know where I can catch plenty! On the French Riviera!

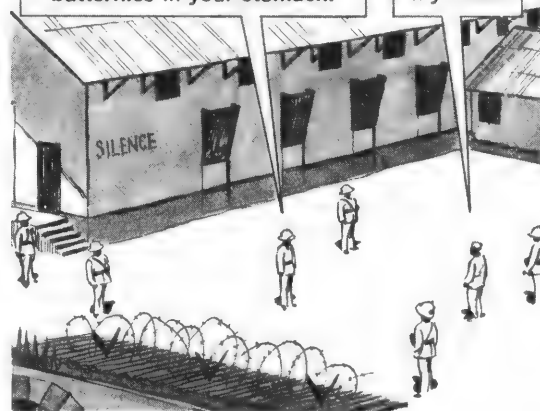


See you guys around ...

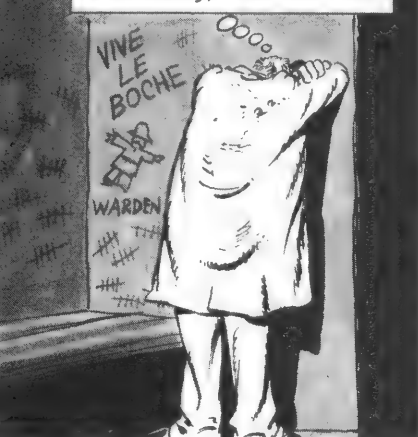


For trying to escape, you have been assigned to this Maximum Penalty Prison! Here, we will break you, both physically and mentally! You'll be starved—degraded—until you develop cobwebs in your brain ... and butterflies in your stomach!

Can I be excused from that last part? I already have one on my chest!



They won't break me! There's plenty I can do in this cold, damp, smelly, tiny unit cell! I can walk a lot! I can think a lot! I can exercise a lot! And mainly, I can CRY a lot!



Here is your first meal ...

A moldy, rancid potato ... and half a dead mouse?!? Is the food ALWAYS like this?

No! Lucky for you it's Bastille Day!



Boy! I've been here for seventeen months, and my mind is still as sharp as a tack!

It's a good thing I've got my wits ...!

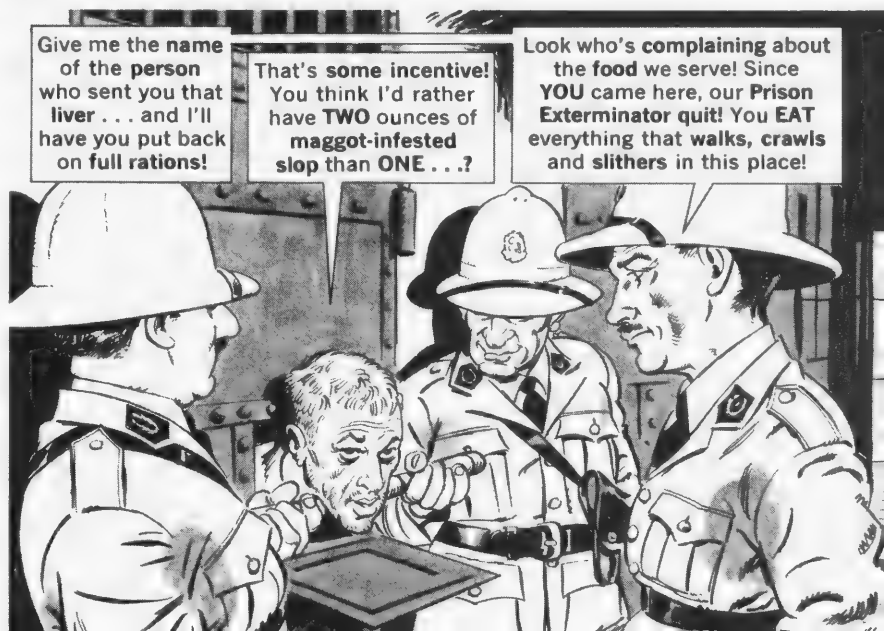
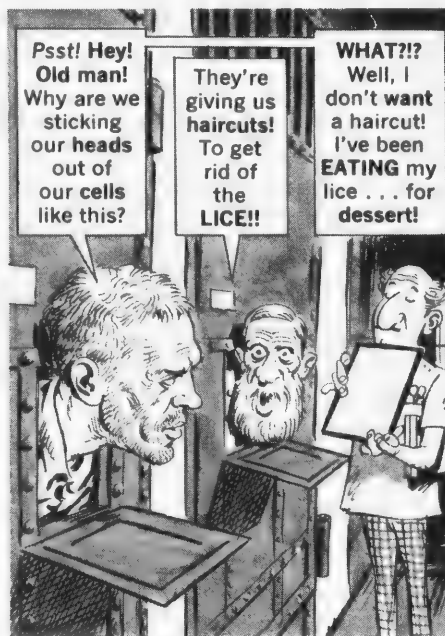
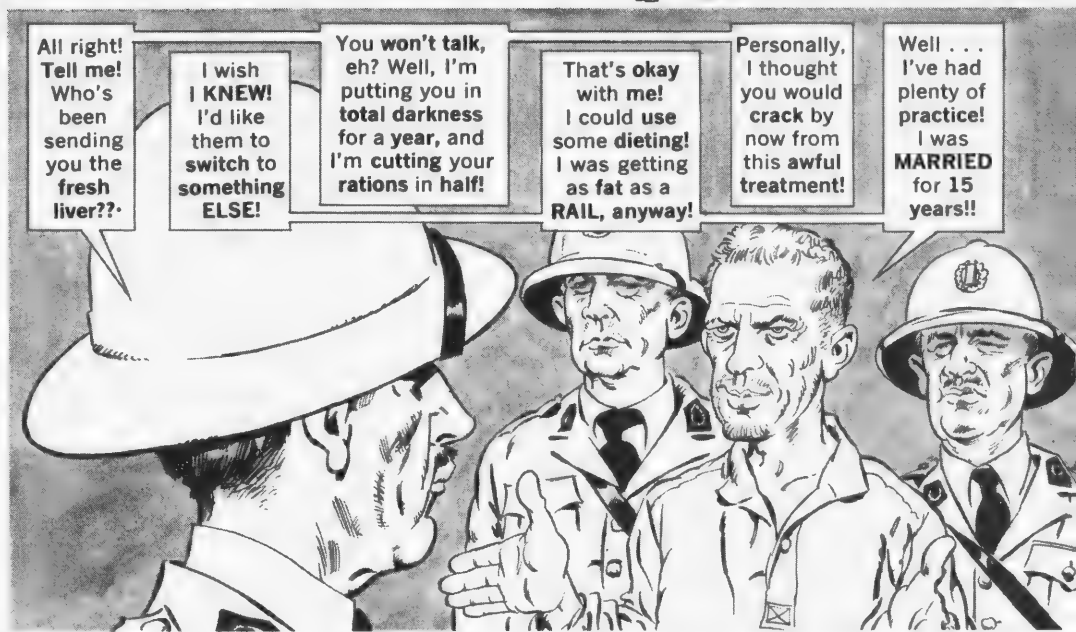
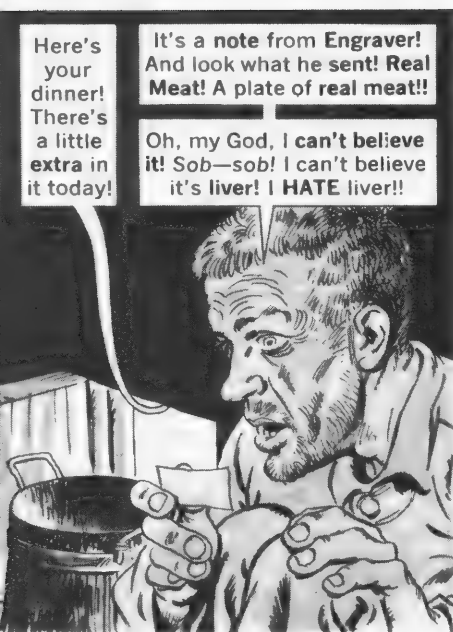
And my doggie ...!

And my froggie ...!

And my dollie ...!

And my goo-goo ...!





It's great seeing you again, Poppy! The rest seems to have done you good! And the fact that you never gave them my name has told me a lot about you, my friend!

No, that you're **STUPID!** So, now that you've been put through hell for trying to escape, what are you going to do?

One thing I've got to say for you, Poppy! You're a **SLOW LEARNER!**

What? That I'm brave?

Try to escape!



I was told by someone that you might be able to give me a hand—

Don't ever say, "give me a hand" here! This is a **Leper Colony!**

Okay! We will give you a boat so you can escape and get caught yet another time . . . if you pass a small test!

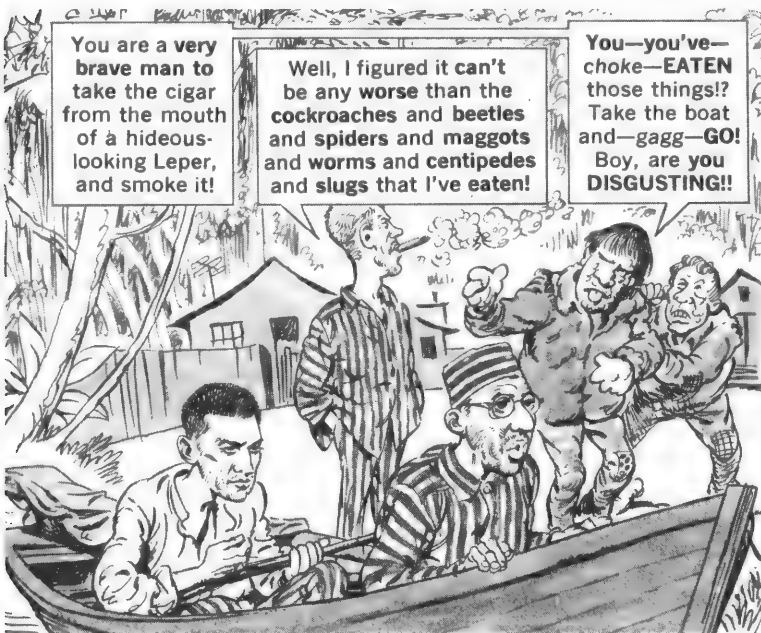
This test is to see how much we disgust you! Here! Puff my cigar . . .



You are a very brave man to take the cigar from the mouth of a hideous-looking Leper, and smoke it!

Well, I figured it can't be any worse than the cockroaches and beetles and spiders and maggots and worms and centipedes and slugs that I've eaten!

You—you've—choke—**EATEN** those things!? Take the boat and—gag—**GO!** Boy, are you **DISGUSTING!!**



H-how did I get here—a primitive **Central American Indian camp?** And where are all my friends . . . the men that I escaped with?

Well, if you'd like me to go back and explain, it'll take another six pages of this **MAD satire!**

No, thanks! I really think I've **SUFFERED ENOUGH** already!



May I stay?

Can I have a butterfly like that?

Sure! Can I have a woman like that?



Well, Poppy! My people and I have shown you a fantastic time! We have given you food, drink, clothes, even a fortune in pearls! What **ELSE** can we do for you?

You can all **DISAPPEAR**—be **GONE** when I wake up tomorrow!

Because this is **Paradise**, and I just can't stand all this constant **NO SUFFERING!**

But, **WHY!?!?**





In exchange for Sister Snow White's helping you through the checkpoint, you have given me your pearls to feed the poor! So, I in turn, have done something for you! I've called for the soldiers to take you back!

Boy, that's some thanks I get! Just see if I ever play "Bingo" again!

When you finish your prison sentence, you can come and visit us again! Just ask anyone for directions to the Sisters of Judas Convent!



Lousi! Lousi Engraver! It's ME! Poppy!! I'm back . . . after another ten years in solitary!

Please! No stories about eating roaches and lizards and . . .

No, Lousi! I'm a Vegetarian now! I eat moss and slime and mold!



Well, now that you're back . . . what are you going to do?

ESCAPE!!



I figured as much! But it is impossible to escape from Devil's Island!

No, it's not! The answer is coconuts!

Poppy, I think you're bananas!

No . . . I think my COCONUTS!!



Are you coming with me, my friend?

No, I'm going to wait for my wife and lawyer to get me out! Oh, the misery those two have known! How they miss me! They miss me so much, they've had to live together and spend all my money, consoling each other!



Well, Lousi, the nuts are all in the water!

All except the Head Nut! I'll miss you!

I know! We really had a lot of laughs together! Try to keep your MIND as sharp as mine!

I will, Poppy! And maybe one night, I'll drift back here . . . and we'll go BOWLING or something!

Oh, yeah! Your mind as as sharp as ever!



GOODBYYYYYEEEE

After months at sea, Popicorn made it to shore, and back to France!

And now . . . perhaps you are saying to yourself, "I could never have endured such punishment!"

Well . . . you underestimate yourself! After all, you saw the movie—which was a prison term in itself . . .

. . . and then you made it through this satire! See? You're an even braver person than you thought!



ONE FINE DAY IN THE ARCTIC



WHAT IS
THE ONLY
THING THAT
COMPLETELY
IGNORES
THE LAW OF
GRAVITY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Nothing on earth has ever defied the "Law of Gravity." Until recently, that is! Now, an amazing new development has clearly demonstrated that the "Law of Gravity" can not only be broken, it can be completely ignored as well. To find out what is doing this, fold in page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

**THAT WHICH GOES UP...MUST OF COURSE
COME DOWN! THIS FIRST AND GREATEST
OF EARTH'S NATURAL LAWS GOVERNS ALL
LIFE, AND NEEDS NO SCIENTIFIC PROVING**



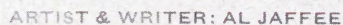
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

◀B

Jaffee

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM, GUM, GUM...
CARRY THE BIG FRESH FLAVOR
WHEREVER YOU GO, WHATEVER YOU DO...**



WHAT IS
THE ONLY
THING THAT
COMPLETELY
IGNORES
THE LAW OF
GRAVITY?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A◀▶B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THE COST OF LIVING



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A◀▶B

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